

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

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AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

CONTENTS

Vol. IX

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No. 1

COVER DESIGN BY	D. J. Gue.	
FRONTISPIECE—PHOTOGRAPH OF STATE STREET, CHICAGO.		
MARSHALL FIELD, MERCHANT	Richard Linthicum	3
Illustrated from photographs.		
AT PLANGEANT LOCKS—SHORT STORY	Duncan Campbell Scott	12
Illustrations by Charles Grunwald.		
PROFIT-SHARING IN AMERICA	H. E. Armstrong	20
Illustrated from photographs.		
THE WAYS OF WOMEN—SHORT STORY	Justus Miles Forman	29
Illustrations by W. V. Cahill.		
THE JEWELS OF AMERICAN WOMEN	Frank S. Arnett	36
Illustrated from photographs.		
THE SPREAD EAGLES—SHORT STORY	Colin McKay	46
EXPIATION—QUATRAIN	Charlotte Fecker	49
THE FORTUNES OF LAL FAVERSHAM	Rafael Sabatini	50
IV—The Chancellor's Daughter. Illustrations by F. R. Gruger.		
THE WINDOW OF THE SOUL	Harvey Sutherland	58
BRAD BETTS, SHEPHERD—SHORT STORY	W. R. Lighton	65
Illustrations by H. G. Williamson.		
RIVERS OF THE OCEAN	Theodore Waters	76
Illustrated from photographs and maps.		
A STORY THAT HAWES TOLD—SHORT STORY	Stephen Moore	84
A THEATRE THOUGHT—POEM	Aloysius Coll	88
TOPICS OF THE THEATRE		89

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WARNING.—No agent or collector has authority to collect subscriptions in the name of AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE. We make this statement on account of certain letters received from people who have been swindled by parties entirely unknown to us and for whom we cannot be responsible.



A View of State Street, Chicago.

The Marshall Field Retail Store extends from Washington Street to Randolph Street. It is on the right side of the picture, the building with the flag-pole on top and the clock at one corner. The tall building beyond is the Masonic Temple. The low buildings between the Field corner and the Masonic Temple have been torn down and Marshall Field is erecting in place of them a building of considerable height.

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. IX.

No. 1

MARSHALL FIELD, MERCHANT

By RICHARD LINTHICUM

MARSHALL FIELD is the Sphinx of the mercantile world—colossal, awesome and silent.

We are as familiar with the characteristics of the Giants of Businessland as we are with their names. We speak of J. Pierpont Morgan and the trusts in the same breath; the very name of Rockefeller has become oleaginous; Carnegie opening a fresh barrel of salve, and with Aladdin-like magic erecting palaces of learning, reminds us afresh that this bonnie philanthropist was once the Master of Homestead with a nature as hard as the product of his mills. We know the story of Gould and his mouse trap, and forgive him much for the sake of his daughter-heroine; we remember with pride the achievements of the first Astor and blush for the self-expatriated descendant; the virtues of the house of Vanderbilt make us forget its faults; the names of Girard, Peabody, Cooper and Childs touch the well-springs of our patriotism and humanity and flood us with gentle and inspiring recollections.

But in the long list of American multi-millionaires are a few names that have little or no significance to the average reader. Inconspicuous among these is the name of Marshall Field. It is seldom heard outside of Chicago except in mercantile circles. Yet Marshall Field is the greatest merchant in the world, and, possibly, the third richest man in the United States.

As an individual, he exists only to a very limited number of business associates, friends, cronies and relatives; to the masses of the people, even to those in his home city of Chicago, he is simply a gigantic business emporium.

To understand him better it is necessary to learn a few facts that have exerted the greatest influence upon his career.

The supreme achievement of Marshall

Field's life has been the accumulation of an immense fortune.

When the variety and magnitude of his business operations are considered, it is marvelous that one man in his waking moments can exercise even a general supervision of them.

His wholesale and retail dry goods business is in excess of \$50,000,000 a year. He manufactures a large percentage of the goods he sells, and the rattle of his looms is heard in the manufacturing centers of both hemispheres. He has factories in England, Ireland and Scotland, in France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Austria and Russia, in China, Japan and India. His woolen mills furnish a local market for the Australian wool-grower, and the revolutions of his spindles in South America run races with the governments of that part of the world.

When J. Pierpont Morgan organized the United Steel Corporation, commonly known as the Steel Trust, there was no public mention of the name of Marshall Field, although he is one of the largest stockholders in that corporation.

The extent of his holdings in the great lines of railroads is not definitely known. It has been stated with some color of authority that he has \$10,000,000 invested in Baltimore and Ohio, and his holdings in Milwaukee and St. Paul and the Northwestern are known to be large. In the Pullman Car Company he is the largest individual stockholder and has controlled the affairs of that great corporation for a number of years.

In real estate alone his wealth exceeds that of many multi-millionaires who are more widely known than himself. A conservative estimate of the real estate owned by Marshall Field in Chicago alone, including land in the vicinity of the Calumet River, peculiarly adapted for manufacturing pur-



Marshall Field.

poses, places it at \$30,000,000. In addition to this he has a great deal of valuable iron mining land in the northern peninsula of Michigan.

Although not known by the titles of banker or financier, his banking and purely financial interests are large.

Conservatively stated, Marshall Field's wealth exceeds a hundred millions of dollars; how much in excess can only be surmised, and it is doubtful whether he himself knows.

In this age of enormous individual fortunes, it is not so marvelous that one man should have acquired this great sum, as it is that it is all clean money, made honestly, in a legitimate business. To credit it solely to the ability and business methods of its owner would be an error, though Mr. Field takes pride in the belief that the basis of his business success is CASH. His entire business is conducted upon a cash basis. There is no evidence that he ever owed a

dollar, and it is certain that he never borrowed one. He never gave a note or a mortgage, never bought or sold a dollar's worth of stock on margins. His nearest approach to speculation has been in mining investments.

Although a heavy investor in stocks, Wall Street methods are as obnoxious to him as those of any other game of chance.

The intoxication of the wheat pit is as unknown to him as any other form of drunkenness. In an indirect way the Titanic struggles on the Board of Trade have been of profit to him, for he has supplied the victims of wheat, ribs and lard corners with the cash to settle their losses by buying their inside gilt-edged down-town real estate and adding it to his lucrative permanent investments.

Another foundation stone of his success has been business integrity. The house of Marshall Field & Co. is as far above suspicion as Cæsar's wife. The great merchant

has escaped the soubriquet of "Honest" Marshall Field, but the adjective is indelibly stamped upon his business reputation. Although much of his success must be credited to the inherited Yankee instinct for barter and trade, and to sterling mercantile methods, the element of Chance had much to do with it.

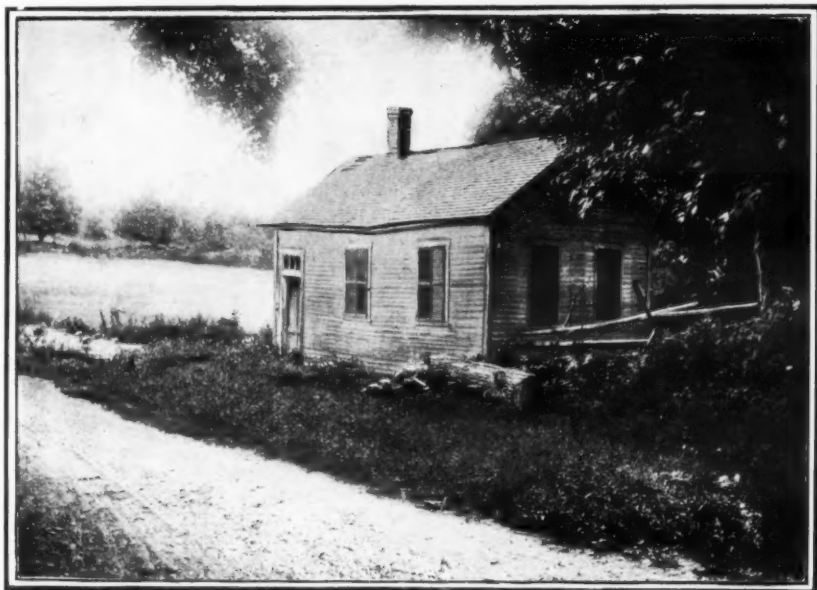
When Marshall Field came to Chicago, a strong-limbed, clear-headed Yankee farmer's son, the place had a population of 50,000. It was inevitable in the development of the Middle West that its metropolis should be on the shores of Lake Michigan, but there was a wide diversity of opinion concerning the exact spot. Conditions seemed to favor Milwaukee, eighty miles north; St. Joseph, Michigan, on the opposite shore had its prophets, but the final choice fell to Chicago aided by the "I Will" spirit of its pioneers.

In those days Marshall Field was a hard-working clerk. He had been born to work, though not to poverty, and was schooled in hard New England economy. He attended to his business and saved his money. In time he became a partner. Chance determined it as the right time, for in that year the Civil War began, and prices rose correspondingly with the enormous demand for commodities. The enduring foundation of

the house of Marshall Field & Co. was laid and its future assured. The remainder of the story is found in the rapid booming of the West, in the progress of science and invention, and in the growth of Chicago to a population of nearly two millions.

It is the exceptional individual only who escapes from his environment. Other men may rise above it at times, but they never get away from it entirely. Marshall Field's environment since youth has been the store, the shop, the factory. He has lived continuously in an atmosphere of business and always within hearing of the clink of the coin as it fell into the till. If in his youth he had been what we call a sociable man with a disposition to mingle with his fellow-men, sharing their troubles and dividing his own with them, the world might have heard of him in some other capacity, but never as its greatest merchant. It is not remarkable then that a youthful life absorbed in business should not be turned from the pursuit of its greatest purpose by the affairs of others, or lured from the hum of shoppers' voices, the clatter of looms, the whirl of spindles, and the music of the ever-dropping coin by the frou-frou and chatter of modern society.

In small communities the volume of a



The School That Marshall Field Attended.

merchant's business quite often depends as much upon his attitude towards his fellow-townsmen as the quality and variety of his merchandise. He is personally known to all his customers and, if he be an affable man, taking part in the small society of the place

ness energy of its leading merchant was taxed to keep pace with it. Rapidly accumulating wealth imposes a degree of slavery upon its owner, however joyfully the victim may thrust his neck further and further into the golden yoke. The phenomenal growth



The Field Homestead at Conway, Massachusetts, Where Marshall Field Was Born.

and displaying a proper public spirit, he has an advantage over competitors of less tact. Hence it becomes a part of his business to cultivate an agreeable personality and a liberal public spirit, and to participate in all the affairs of his community.

The personality of the great city merchant is swallowed up in his business. Few of his customers ever see him. They have no more interest in his personal traits than he has in theirs. In the great city emporium the homely cordiality of the country store is supplanted by cold business formality.

It may be argued, however, that the great merchant would identify himself with the public affairs of the community, if only for selfish reasons, inasmuch as the growth and material prosperity of the municipality mean a corresponding growth of his business. Ordinarily, this is the case, but Marshall Field is the exception, and the logical one. The unaided growth of Chicago from a town to a city was so rapid that the busi-

ness energy of its leading merchant was taxed to keep pace with it. Rapidly accumulating wealth imposes a degree of slavery upon its owner, however joyfully the victim may thrust his neck further and further into the golden yoke. The phenomenal growth

of Marshall Field's business chained him to the counting-room and to the till. Whatever may be the secret pleasures of such a strenuous, exacting business life, it has its drawbacks; for the outward evidence is that it narrows the sympathies and blunts the perception of man's duty to society. In the pride of his strength man is apt to forget that many are weak.

Marshall Field has lived the self-centered life of the strenuous business man. Publicity of any sort is distasteful to him, and he regards the interviewer as an intruder. His persistent refusal to talk for publication or to consent to pose as the subject of the biographer or character student is not chargeable to excessive modesty. He is modest enough, but it would be more accurate to say that his dislike to appearing in print is the natural resentment of a reclusive spirit to a seeming interference with its affairs. It may be charged in part to the sensitive pride that is so apparent in people

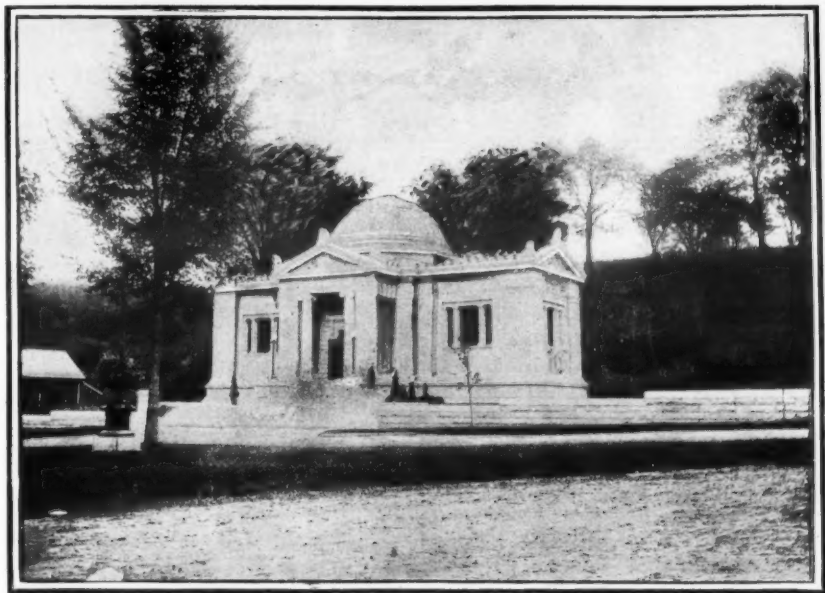
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who live much to themselves or are wholly absorbed in their own affairs.

Only of late years has it been possible to obtain his photograph, but the best counterfeit presentment the photographer's art can produce does not do him justice. It is

mile from his great retail store. It is not so large or imposing as the Pullman residence further down the street, yet George M. Pullman in the latter years of his life was only a kind of head clerk of Marshall Field's car business.



The Field Memorial Library at Conway, Massachusetts.

faithful only in showing his white hair and mustache, and the well-preserved features of a man who has lived an abstemious life. It can give no idea of his dynamic presence, suggestive as well of unlimited reserve force. It shows the general contour of features, but not their animating keenness and shrewdness. It cannot put the rapier glances in the cold, gray eyes, set far back in the head.

If Marshall Field were in the midst of a State Street crowd on bargain day any student of character would single him out of the thousands as a master of men. His erect military bearing might cause him to be mistaken for a retired admiral or major-general, but no one would ever mistake him for an ordinary man. No young blade of a soldier carries himself better than this man of sixty-six, as he walks to his place of business in the early morning. His commodious and old-fashioned residence is about a

There is a library in the house, but the master merchant does not rank as a book-lover; there are pictures on the walls—good ones, too, but the owner can scarcely be called an art collector or a connoisseur.

In this home of his younger days the man of many millions dwells alone. His wife is dead, and his children, a son, who bears the same name as himself, and a daughter are both married.

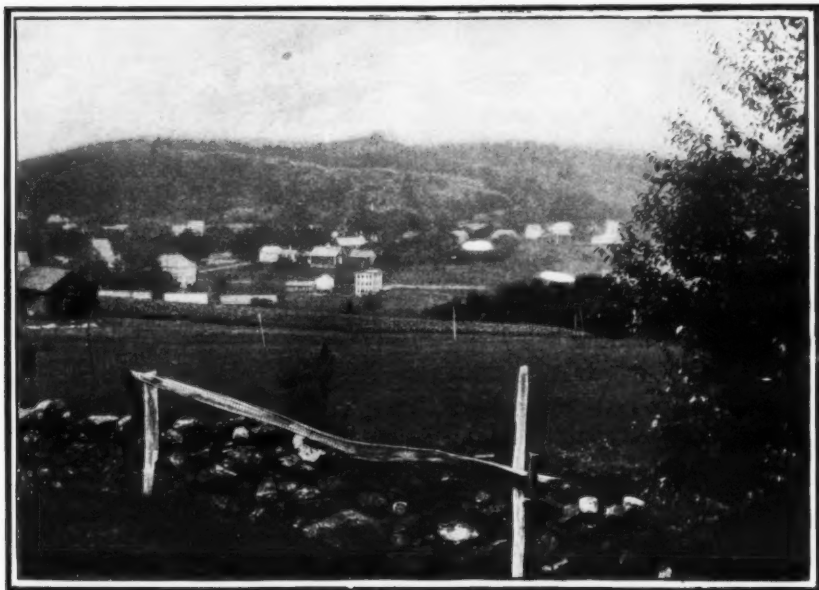
Within the gilded and expansive circle of society he has drawn a smaller circle, close to the nave, within which are included the few to whom he dispenses hospitality, and at whose homes he occasionally dines. They are for the most part old friends around whom cluster the memories and sentiments of early days in Chicago. The practical nature of Marshall Field is shown in his friendships as well as in his business, as many of his old friends could testify if they would. One conspicuous instance of this is

found in the elevation of Robert T. Lincoln to the presidency of the Pullman Company. There are many other instances in which his hand has been stretched forth in friendly help to preferment or to avert financial disaster.

What and how widespread are his private benefactions no man may know. With his church and its pastors he has dealt liberally. The old Second Presbyterian Church of which he is a member, and which was founded by a scholar and churchman of gentle memory in

and the natural tendency of great wealth toward aristocratic ideas his democracy, which is of the soil, is too deep-rooted to permit him to be anything but a Democrat—a Democrat of the Cleveland school, with "public office is a public trust" as his motto. His business as an importer, one of the largest in the country, naturally suggests his view of tariff reform, which is to abolish the tariff.

The lives of few men in this country are so suggestive of the opportunities for legiti-



Conway, Massachusetts, Marshall Field's Birth Place.

Chicago, the Reverend Robert Patterson, was recently destroyed by fire, but a substantial edifice will take its place.

Mr. Field is not publicly identified with church affairs, as are Rockefeller and Morgan, but whenever his religion is expressed in any act it reveals the old Puritan spirit of literal observance. He is the only big merchant in Chicago that does not advertise in the Sunday papers.

Thus it is seen that Marshall Field has a social, though not a society part, and that his religion is as orthodox as his business principles. Although he takes no public part in politics he has serious political convictions. Notwithstanding his exclusiveness

mate business success within the last half century. That Marshall Field has improved every business opportunity is shown by marvelous results; that much of his wealth is due to conditions and circumstances in the creation of which he had no part is a matter of historical record.

The community has done much for him. What has he done for the community? His public benefactions, so far, can be numbered on one hand, with fingers to spare. His most conspicuous public donation is the Field Columbian Museum to which he gave a million dollars. This museum occupies the old Fine Arts building of the World's Fair, in Jackson Park. Mr. Field is credited with

a desire to make this the greatest museum of natural history in the world. A great deal of the old junk left over from the World's Fair which formed the nucleus of the museum has already been disposed of and its place supplied by exhibits more in keeping with the character of the institution.

There is reason to believe that the word "Columbian" in its title is a present bar to the fulfillment of Mr. Field's desires in respect to the museum. As the name now

The University of Chicago has received large gifts from Mr. Field, but all the gifts to this institution shrink into insignificance beside Rockefeller's donation of \$10,000,000.

In the town of Conway, Massachusetts, Mr. Field has built a memorial library at a cost of \$200,000. This seems like a small sum in these days, when one woman gives \$30,000,000 to a university and Carnegie tosses out libraries like a man throwing handbills at a circus. But it is munificent



The Wholesale Store of Marshall Field, Chicago.

stands, it perpetuates the achievements of the World's Fair. Such was the intention of its founders. The name of Field was prefixed as an acknowledgment of Mr. Field's million-dollar donation. Marshall Field is a proud man, though with none of the ostentatious pride that finds its gratification in palatial yachts, gorgeous equipages and sybarite luxuries. His pride is of that old New England strain that finds expression in the protection of the good name and the preservation of the virtues of its possessor. Marshall Field is proud of his name, and if it were bestowed exclusively upon the museum it is believed that the prospects of that institution to be made the greatest of its kind in the world would be brighter than they are at present.

for a town the size of Conway, and ample for its needs.

On a farm near this town Marshall Field was born and passed his boyhood days. It was here he went to the district school and got the elementary education which he has supplemented by experience in a world-wide business. His ancestors were of the soil and he was a hardy product of generations of hardy men.

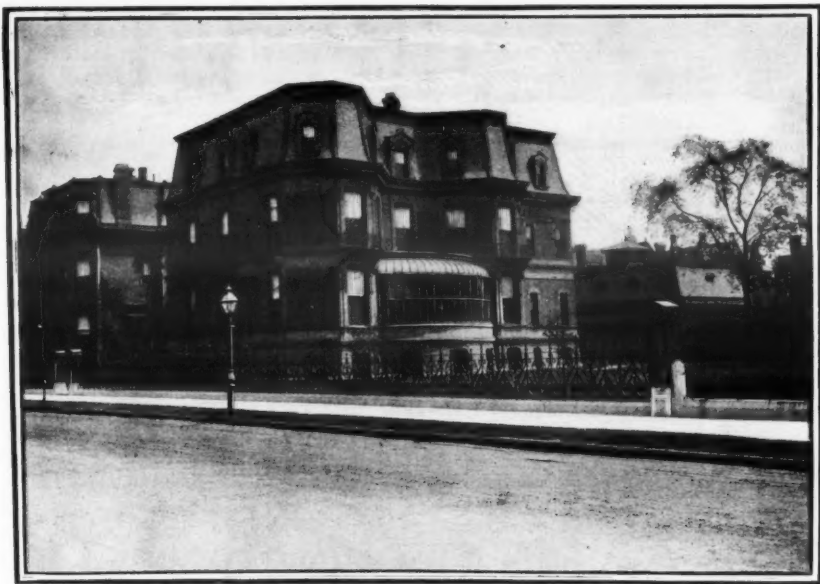
He is now approaching the "three score years and ten" allotted to man, and is still physically rugged.

His former partners, Levi Z. Leiter and Potter Palmer, have retired from business, but with him the struggle goes on as of yore. He is still the central figure of a world of his own making—a humming, buzz-

ing world of busy people, creating, buying, selling, packing and shipping. How shall a man who has made such a world for himself and lived for nearly a half century in its very vortex, find his way out of it and be content in the quiet corners of a house?

The test of years has confirmed his judgment in the selection of his chief assistants, and the faithful have reaped rich rewards.

He has amassed a colossal fortune without having created the antagonism of any class.



The Chicago House of Marshall Field.

Carnegie did it, but under the hard exterior of the ironmaster was a warm sympathy for art, letters and the science of government. He had a knowledge born of contact with men of all classes outside of his business, and a deep-seated love for the homely, quiet life of his native Scotland.

In the twilight of Marshall Field's life the retrospect reveals nothing that a man of his ambition may not count a virtue. Years ago he reached the goal he set out for. Success within the limitations of a life devoted exclusively to trade is stamped upon every page of his history. His private life is unblemished. Thousands of skilled hands and trained minds perform services for him. They are well paid, and all the avenues of promotion are open to such as master their line of work.

The element of discord and discontent has no grievance against him.

And now, as the twilight shadows fall—what?

The museum, the university and the library are proof that he does not lack the spirit of giving, and this is an age of public benefactions. He has millions upon millions. They are his own. He made them, under favorable conditions, to be sure, but he made them, nevertheless. There is no taint upon them. They were not wrung from underpaid labor, not gained by the chicanery of stock-jobbing. They represent no man's loss. What he will do with them none but himself can say—and the Sphinx, colossal and awesome, guarding the great pyramids of trade, is silent.

AT PLANGEANT'S LOCKS

By DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

ALL this happened in my father's time. In his day he was the master at Plangeant's Locks, and after wandering half over the world I came back to be the master, and now my son takes the place. So you see it goes from father to son. It happened when the canal was abuilding, years ago, in 1828. The work was done by the Royal Engineers, and the Sappers and Miners, and on the way to Kingston to By Town, as Ottawa City was first called—there were many men of all sorts from as high as lords' sons to as low as a Scotch pick-man or an Irish hod-carrier. Roll them all up together in your mind, they were a rough lot, and at times there were strange doings. But you could pick fine gentlemen out of the pack, and honest-hearted coarse men as ever breathed life's breath. Two of the fine gentlemen were Major John Lancegaye and his brother, Captain Cavendish of the Royal Engineers, and one of the honest-hearted men was my father. He was handy man to Captain Lancegaye, who picked him out from the Forty-first, and the old colonel, Strauben was his name, let him serve as if the captain was an officer in his own regiment. The major and his brother were fast friends, as were David and Jonathan; and they were nephews to Lord Plangeant, sons of his own younger brother. That's how this bit of the world came to be called Plangeant's Locks, as you will see in the end. The major was heir to the title, as Lord Plangeant had never married.

Now, there was hereabouts a quarry for stone, and out of it came the pieces for these locks and others, the stone being easily got and of a very good kind. Over the quarry-men was one called McKenzie Maxwell, a man from the other side of Scotland somewhere, a tall, burly, knowing-looking sort of person, my father used to say; just the sort to beat down a lot of wild fellows who had come up from the ends of the world to meet there in that unheard-of place to do a little stone-quarrying. But the story is not so much of McKenzie Maxwell as of his daughter Maraquita, although

the stubbornness of the man was a part of it.

My father used always to begin to describe Maraquita Maxwell, and as often his thoughts would outmeasure his words, and he would end in confusion. She had her beauty and her name from her Spanish mother. My father could get as far as her eyes that were as brown as these water pools, and her dark, piled-up hair, blue-black, like spruces in shadow, but her mouth and the shape of her face, and her expression of conquering everything, he failed upon. Somewhat he had to say plainly about the way she held herself, and the manner of her walk, that was the cause of all the love that was stirred up by her. Another cause of it was that she was slave to her stepmother, a low woman, a vile-spoken one, one that rises up into a quarrel at a word. Maraquita looked forlorn with all the second brood of Maxwell brats about and under her proud feet, and it galled all men who saw her waste patience upon such.

Now, it was Major John Lancegaye who had charge and oversight of this section of the works, and under him was his brother, my father's master, Captain Cavendish Lancegaye, and under him was a lieutenant, Lieutenant Anstey.

My father believed that they were, the three of them, in love at the same time with Maraquita Maxwell, although there was nothing at all to prove that his master, the captain, had been overcome by her, nothing whatever to prove it at the time. They all knew her and saw her in her father's bit of a place back from the quarry on a knoll, for each one of them was passing back and forth inspecting and superintending the works. But he who saw her the oftenest was the lieutenant who had charge of the stone, so to speak, and its transport.

There was no manner of doubt that the lieutenant was in love with Maraquita Maxwell, and there was also no manner of doubt that she hated him. But yet he had some peculiar influence over her. He had risen from the ranks and was of no very good family. A heavy, tall, forbidding-looking



"They tried with all their arts to bring Major Lancegaye back to life."

person he was, strong beyond all belief, and with a tongue that would thrash and wheedle; the one as well as the other. There was one real uncanny thing about him, and that was the way his eyes were set in his head, too far apart for nature, and the color of them a stone-green. My father would say the dear Maraquita was the contrast to him in every way, and she fled away from him when she could, fawn from panther. Only at times, in Maxwell's bit of a house, there was no fleeing, she had to sit in the glitter of his eyes. It was then she changed under his power and sat as if mazed, with her hands in her lap.

If the lieutenant was ugly there were no handsomer men anywhere than the Lance-gayes, only about Major John there was the oddity that one of his eyes was blue and the other hazel.

Well, it happened in the autumn of the year in September month, that Major Lance-gaye came up to make an inspection of the works. He had with him a fine party of friends, and among them was the chaplain, Todhunter of the Forty-first, and Captain Cavendish and my father. After a day or two they parted, the major with his party went to report himself to the colonel at By Town, and the captain went back to Kingston, my father with him. And so far as any one seemed to know, there was nothing happened at that meeting out of the ordinary; but there was, as you shall soon hear.

It was toward the middle of November with the ice not yet taken, when my father happened to come here with some instructions for the lieutenant, and as his luck would have it, he arrived just in the nick.

The whole Maxwell establishment was in a perfect storm. Mrs. Maxwell was in high voice that morning, and her words were like a cloud of hornets. She was calling Maraquita every vile name under the sun that is applied by one low woman to another woman when she thinks that the other is not all she should be. Maraquita was as quiet and cold as one of those same frosty mornings, neither answering yea nor nay, and her father was as bad and strong against her. Just as they were at the worst in walked Lieutenant Anstey.

"What is all this about, Maxwell?" he said.

"It's trouble that has come to a respectable family," answered Mrs. Maxwell, taking the words away from her husband. Anstey looked at Maraquita, and my father saw her shiver and try to sit down. The lieutenant

handed her a chair and whispered something to her, whereupon she was quiet and said not a word. Then spoke Anstey, standing up ugly and strong, and my father heard his very words:

"If I have wronged your daughter, Maxwell, I will make amends. I will make her my wife."

"Is this true, Maraquita?" said Maxwell. "Should this man be your husband?"

Poor Maraquita glanced up and her eyes quivered, and a misty look came over them, and she dropped her head. She seemed all abroad.

"Huh! the jade has never a word to say when a gentleman wants to make her an honest woman," cried Mrs. Maxwell.

"Close your mouth," said Maxwell, sternly; "Lieutenant Anstey and I will settle this between us," and out they walked and off into the air. My father could not stand hearing Mrs. Maxwell's abuse any longer, and away he went deep in his own thoughts.

But after that night he had something more to think of. He was to go back to Kingston the next morning and at dusk he was down at the shore pitching his canoe with an Indian that had come with him. They had a handful of fire to warm the pitch, and there were many stars in the sky. Suddenly some one bent over him and he saw the half of Maraquita's scared face.

"Soldier, for the love of God and the love of your own women folk, take me away from here. They will make me marry a man I hate."

My father was a gallant man. "Indeed, I shall do that," he said. "Be you here before daybreak to-morrow and we'll have a good start of them at sunrise."

"May God bless you," she whispered. But as she went away my father saw Anstey's figure up against the cold north sky on the edge of the over-hill.

In the morning he waited until sunrise, and he thought he heard a call or scream, but Maraquita never came. When my father got to Kingston he told Captain Cavendish what had happened. He just walked the floor night after night.

"I will never believe that of Maraquita Maxwell!" he said over and over again, but after a week he sat down and showed no sign. It was maybe in ten days that my father was here again to see Lieutenant Anstey hammer at Maxwell's door to be driven off like a thieving dog. One of the women told him:

"Aye, it is ever like that. Some say he

and the daughter are married, some say no. But whether or no, neither bite nor bed does Anstey have in the Maxwell house."

It was true.

My father knew no more then but that Maxwell, now he had had his rash way, would have it further, and listening to Maraquita's pleadings, would not let Anstey so much as look upon her.

That winter set in with hard frost without snow, and the lakes were strong ice from shore to shore. So what should Major Lancegaye do but skate from the Ottawa with his friends, all except the chaplain. When they got here they rested. Major Lancegaye asked Maxwell for the news, and Maxwell answered him very civilly, for he respected him. Then the major asked for Maraquita.

"We've had a wedding since you were here, Major."

"Yes!" said the major, smiling. "I shall have to drink the bride's health."

"Then it will be Maraquita's!" said Maxwell.

"You're joking, Maxwell," said the major, choking in his speech.

"Not at all. She's married to Lieutenant Anstey."

The major fell down on a bench by the door as if he had been shot.

"Tell me about this, Maxwell, man; I cannot understand you."

"That's the plain fact!"

"But a clergyman?"

"Well, there was no clergyman within eighteen miles of here, so, according to law, we drove over to Mr. Peter's, who is a Justice of the Peace."

"I fear there has been some terrible mistake, Maxwell."

He got so far, but had no further chance for questions or explanations, for Lieutenant Anstey crowded in at his elbow.

"What is that you say, major?"

"I was not speaking to you, you damned sorcerer," cried the major, jumping to his feet.

"I heard what you were saying. It was an insult to my wife, Major Lancegaye."

The major did not wait to hear more. He was a proud, imperious young man, and he struck the lieutenant a peeling blow across the face with his skate strap.

"You shall pay for this dearly," said the lieutenant, touching his face where the buckle had marked him.

"As you please, and when you please."

There had been several officer friends of

Major Lancegaye's who had come near, hearing the quarrel, and they now began to interfere with the major and tell him that he could not fight.

"Gentlemen," he said, quite calm and collected, "this is no ordinary quarrel, so great and deep is it that no rank shall stand between us."

Then there was a great to-do about weapons, as no one there had either pistols or swords. It happened that there was near Maxwell's house a tool shed, and against this there were several hammers of the kind the workmen used to tap the wedges when splitting the stones.

"We'll fight with these," said the major, swinging up one of the sledges.

"Certainly," replied the lieutenant, "you have chosen the weapons."

They went down into the quarry where there was a level place, and there they fought it out. The major whispered to some of his friends:

"I am going to knock this bully's brains out, but if anything happens to me, give Cavendish my love and remind him that I always said he would bear the title."

Well, in this sort of a duel the lieutenant had the advantage, with his long reach and height. But the major was as valiant as could be. They had many rallies and counter strokes, till at last the major made a terrible blow at Anstey's head. The force was so great that when it missed, Lancegaye fell forward a little, and the hammer nearly dropped from his hand. Then Anstey shortened his grip and gave him a jab behind the ear and broke his neck—yes, broke his neck. There he lay as dead as dead.

"I'll call you to witness, gentlemen," said Anstey, as pious as a deacon, "that this quarrel was none of my picking." But no one paid any attention to him, as they tried with all their arts to bring Major Lancegaye back to life.

My father heard all this afterwards, just as it was told Captain Lancegaye. He used to say he never saw a man grieve as his master did. There was his dear brother killed by a scoundrel, and him balked of all sudden revenge, for there was another general order at once against all manner of dueling. So he had to brood upon it and bide his time.

As weeks went on he seemed to feel remorse for something that was very heavy upon him. My father used to hear him muttering as he walked the floor:



"He sat him down and hid his face in the bundle of opened letters."

"Never, never, so help me, God! I shall never accept."

It seemed to be something in regard to the lands and titles of Lord Plangeant; but although my father was close in touch with his master, who often asked for his advice, he could not rightly make out what it was that so bothered him. As the winter wore on the captain became so dejected that he applied for leave of absence to visit England.

You must know that letters kept coming addressed to the major from those who did not know he was dead. Captain Cavendish would not open them, but laid them away one by one in a drawer in his cabinet.

"You should open them every one, sir," my father said, time and again. "You should read them, sir; there may be business of importance to attend to and you should answer to it."

But no, Captain Cavendish only shook his head.

"You're wrong, sir," my father would say, "if you will pardon your obedient and faithful servant for saying so."

It was in the month of March one day, when my father was called in to find the captain seated at his desk with a lot of letters before him. He was as pale as a lily.

"I have at last taken your advice," he said, "and I wish I had done so before. Will you tell me what you think of that?"

"I will do so, sir, thanking you for your confidence in me," says my father.

"I value your advice," said the captain, "next to no live man's. Let me have it."

The letter was from Lord Plangeant to the major, who had asked his permission to marry, as that was the old custom of the family. The earl gave it in very gracious terms, and said he would have Edendene put in order for the major and his bride. There was one amazing sentence:

"If Miss Maxwell is as beautiful and good

as you describe her, your old uncle will be the first to acknowledge it, as he is the first to wish you well."

My father did not know whether to believe his eyes or not.

"What do you think of that? Tell me what I am to do?"

"I think," said my father, slowly, "that for more reasons than one it is a damned shame that it wasn't the other way round, and that the major had broken that devil's neck." Only he put it much stronger than that.

"I think with you," said the young man, with a groan. "What am I to do?" They saw it all perfectly clear how the quarrel had come between the major and Anstey.

"You can do nothing just now."

"So it seems to me; you are a wonderful man." But my father used to tell me that he always tried to say what he knew his master would think, and then, if necessary, draw him on from that.

The captain was pacing up and down when he stopped suddenly and struck his heel on the floor.

"Do you realize this?" he cried.

"I do!" said my father.

"Well, let's hear what you make of it."

"The woman that your brother (as gallant a gentleman as ever said his prayers) would have married is now married to as vile a bloody villain as ever smoked with the devil."

Only he put it much stronger than that.

"That's it," said he; "that's the way I think of it."

"And you tell me she's—"

"They say so."

"My God! What a fate. Look upon this picture and then upon that!" He sat him down and hid his face in the bundle of opened letters.

As he said nothing more, my father left him, and he said nothing more when he was at dinner; but he looked grave and worn, and chose but a morsel or so. In the middle of the night my father heard him call and went into him. The poor young man had not gone to bed. He looked haggard and tormented in the light of the candles that were burned nearly into their sockets.

"Do you realize this? Tell me, do you know what this means?" My father went over it again while the captain paced the room and bit his fingers. When my father was done he stopped and looked at him.

"No," he says, after a while, sadly, "there is more than that, much more than that!"

He sat down and threw himself along the table.

"I understand, sir; God help you!"

"Try to realize it, you cannot, man!"

"Ah, sir, you find yourself now in the position the major was in when he fought that day with the villain Anstey." For my father now discovered that he loved Maraquita.

"By God!" he cried, "I'll kill him—he shall not escape me!"

"So; but at present you will get to your bed, or he will be the death of you also."

It was just three days after that when the post came in, and there were many letters from England for Captain Lancegaye. My father laid them out for him and he read them during breakfast. He seemed to be much exercised by the contents of several, particularly one in a large, stout, blue envelope. He kept muttering, "Never, never!" under his breath. After an hour he called in my father.

"Pollock," he said, "what think you of this?" It was a letter from a lawyer firm, out of the big blue envelope telling him that Lord Plangeant was dead and that he had succeeded to the title and estates.

"I think you are to be congratulated, sir, and without sorrow, for Lord Plangeant was full of years and weary of it all."

"Oh, Pollock!" he cried out, "I cannot accept it; I am unworthy of it."

"You may think so," said my father, "but the next of kin is hardly more worthy."

"I'll tell you plainly why I am unworthy. When you came to me, Pollock, with word of John's death, the first thing that I thought of was that I was now heir to the title."

"That was bad, sir, it was low and bad."

"No cad could have done worse," groaned the young man.

"That is true, but there is deep vileness in the heart of every man, and you sorrowed afterwards."

"I was broken-hearted; but that will not wipe out this inward stain, Pollock."

"There is plenty of time to decide. I would take a day or two. You may be in haste now, but that wouldn't bring the old earl alive again."

"Think it over yourself, Pollock, and let me hear what you decide."

"Thank you, sir, I will," said my father. Nothing more was said upon the subject that day. Early the next morning he went, according to his custom, to open the shut-

ters in the captain's room. When he turned about the young officer had his hands under his head and was wide awake.

"Your lordship's bath is ready."

"Pollock."

"Yes, my lord." The young man sprang up in bed and tried to say something. And from that day onward, to the day of his death, he was Lord Plangeant.

There had been some delay in granting Captain Lancegaye's leave of absence, but shortly afterwards it was granted, and early in May he prepared to set out for England. My father was, of course, packing his belongings, when one morning in his cabinet he came upon the drawer where the dead major's letters had been put, and in it were yet three or four.

"Did you open all the major's letters, my lord?"

"I believe so, Pollock. Don't 'my lord' so much."

"It is necessary for you to get well wonted to the sound of it. There are several letters here unopened."

"Then open them, Pollock, and hand them to me to read."

My father did so. To two of them he paid no attention. The third gave him a changed face.

"A letter from poor Todhunter," he said, "and only the other day we were reading that he had died of ship's fever in Quebec. My God! What have we here?"

He handed the papers to my father. It was a letter from the chaplain, Todhunter, who apologized for not having sent the enclosed sooner, he hoped that the major would soon hear from Lord Plangeant, and that all was well. The enclosed was in a separate envelope addressed to Mistress John Lancegaye. It was her certificate of marriage to the major, dated September 20, 1828!

"Here is a to-do!" said Lord Plangeant. "What think you of this, Pollock?"

"It's damned bad, sir. Maraquita is a fair bigamist, and against her will somehow, I dare swear."

"Her child, if a boy, might be— Eh, Pollock?"

"True, my lord. When born, he might be rightful heir to the title."

"And I would be no longer Lord Plangeant?"

"True, my lord."

"It strikes me, Pollock, I'm no more 'my lord' than you are."

"There is some room for doubt, the other



"When one morning in his cabinet he came upon the drawer where the dead major's letters had been put."

marriage now, who is to prove that the child—"

"I shall never believe that of Maraquita Maxwell," he said, fiercely. Then, after a pause, he added, looking up sharply:

"How many months, Pollock?" My father counted on his fingers up to eight!

Lord Plangeant whistled softly.

"Tell me what do you think I should do?"

"I should go there and see for myself. No one knows what has happened. If there is any doubt whose the child is, my lord, you have but to keep this paper. The Reverend John Todhunter is dead; the secret is between us."

Two days after that they were here in the dusk of the evening. Lord Plangeant sent my father up to Maxwell's to reconnoitre.



"Then my father saw her raise it and slowly and deliberately set it on fire in the candle flame."

When he came back Maxwell was with him.

"It is all right, my lord," he said.

"All right?"

"Aye, Maxwell, here, will explain."

Maxwell stood up tall between them, his bonnet in his hand.

"My Lord Plangeant," he said, "until Anstey killed your brother, the major, I did not know that he was true husband to my

Maraquita. She had vowed to him, my lord, that she would tell no one until he had received word that his uncle was willing he should marry. She kept her vow."

"But Anstey," broke in Lord Plangeant, impatiently. "I want to hear——"

"My lord," said Maxwell, "I had force and he had witchcraft, and between us we married the maid. But he was never hus-

band to her. No, it was one thing to protect my daughter's good name, as I thought I was doing, and another to force her to live with Anstey. That she never could do, and I stood by her. When I found out the truth, although Maraquita has naught to prove it, I did not know what to do, being an ignorant man."

"My God," cried Lord Plangeant, breaking away from my father and throwing back his cloak, "I shall kill him, this fellow Anstey, before I go farther."

"Some one has done that for you!" said my father, taking off his cap.

"Cheated of revenge, also!" cried Lord Plangeant. "Who has slipped in here?"

"God Almighty. Anstey took to drink, my lord, and the other night he fell into one of the quarry pits and knocked his brains out."

Lord Plangeant went apart and wrapped himself in his cloak and thought upon it all, and so did my father. Then he waived Maxwell to one side.

"Pollock," he said, "what would you do if you were in my case?"

"My lord, I should first make sure of myself—whether I was in love with the lady—then —"

Lord Plangeant started up and was half up the hill to Maxwell's.

"My lord, rashness is no valor here. You must remember that a marriage with your dead brother's wife would not be legal in England." He came back sadly.

"Then there is nothing to be done."

"Destroy the evidence!"

"There is no villain here so exquisite as to do that."

"Unless Maraquita would do it!"

"What?"

"Burn the certificate."

"No one could suggest it."

"She will argue maybe, after this fashion, if a rude soldier may think what is in a woman's head. She may not love you now. Let that be. You are to offer her marriage, and with that goes a sure title, and you may be certain she has often thought of that in her pride. The child she bears may be a boy. Well and good. And if that comes to pass, you hand her the very paper that will upset your claim. She will

think, then, of your generosity. But it may be a girl, and then, at best, she is dowager countess and a pensioner upon your bounty. By her marriage with you, my lord, she gains much surely, her registered marriage with Anstey is in the past, her standing and issue is secure. You trust her and hand her the certificate, she trusts you, and burns it."

"I could not suggest such a thing, Pollock."

"Make your honorable offer, my lord. Leave the rest to Maraquita."

"Poor John!" he said, as he walked up the hill to Maxwell's house. "Poor John!"

My father watched through a little window into the Maxwell's living room while he was waiting. There they sat and talked. Maraquita kept her dark eyes downcast, and was folding and unfolding a paper, then my father saw her raise it and slowly and deliberately set it on fire in the candle flame. It fell down in ashes.

In a few minutes Lord Plangeant came out to my father. "Go," he said, hurriedly, "to Kingston, bring the Reverend Stuart with you; we shall leave here to-morrow morning, and we shall be married where we meet."

Two evenings after they met at the third portage. My father said he could never forget the beautiful Maraquita as she stood there and was married to the Lord Plangeant in the light of the campfire. She was shrouded in a military cloak belonging to the major (her first husband, so to speak,) with two silver lions' heads for clasps, and each lion had one eye a sapphire, and the other a topaz. It had been given him by the old earl, and the jewels were a play, so to speak, upon the major's eyes, the one being blue and the other hazel.

Not more than three weeks after that the little Lord Edendene was born, and the Almighty had given Lord Plangeant a sign of Maraquita's honesty, for when the boy's eyes cleared, they were his father's, one blue and one hazel.

That was long years ago, and I would not be telling you now this family secret but that Maraquita had no other children, and Lord Edendene died unmarried, so the title went to another branch of the family.

PROFIT-SHARING IN AMERICA

BY H. E. ARMSTRONG

"LAST week our public hall was occupied on Monday night by my daughter's dancing class of about forty; Tuesday night, by a meeting to arrange for a Thanksgiving Eve family gathering of the residents; Thursday evening, for a dance in which about sixty-five participated; Friday, for a party of the High School sophomore class and a dance; Saturday night, by the Debating Club, and for the opening of the bowling alley, billiard room, and evening club and reading-room, all of which are especially active throughout the winter." This is an extract from a letter written only the other day by an American manufacturer, Mr. N. O. Nelson, of St. Louis, who lives among his workmen in an industrial community near Edwardsville, Ill., which he has named "Leclaire," after one of the greatest of Frenchmen, whose bust should be in every workmen's lyceum. As Edmé-Jean Leclaire was Mr. Nelson's inspiration in the noble service which he is rendering to Labor in this country, without a thought that he merits approbation or should have his name linked with the pioneer's, some reference to Leclaire's career will be illuminating. He was the son of a cobbler, and in his boyhood tended sheep and swine on the slopes of Aisy-sur-Armançon. One fine morning young Leclaire took the highway that led to Paris to better his condition. Not a sou did he have in his pocket and his appetite would not be denied. He earned his first meal with his hands, and was soon apprenticed to a house-painter. Leclaire's industry was indomitable, his thrift constant. He became workman, overseer, and, having saved a thousand francs, a boss painter. As he bettered himself, he ever had the interests of his men at heart. "To know the workman," he wrote a few years before his death, "one must have been a workman himself, and, above all, remember it; as for many, from the day they are no longer workmen, they believe themselves made of quite other dough than their old companions in the workshop." When wages were low Leclaire lent his men money, to be repaid in better times. At his suggestion, they started a mutual aid society,

with monthly subscriptions. Membership entitled sick and disabled workmen to the attendance of a doctor and to medicines. When Leclaire deemed the time ripe, he proposed profit-sharing to his employees. The idea was not his own. He got it from M. Frégier, the chief of a government bureau, who, after a long talk with him about the deplorable antagonism of labor to capital, exclaimed that he saw no solution of the problem except in the participation of the workman in the profits of the master; but Frégier afterwards threw up his hands in despair and said: "Such an association would be no more solid than a cloud; it would have neither body nor soul." But Leclaire was tenacious of the idea. It shed light on a dark problem. He did some figuring, and, gathering his workmen about him, proposed a plan of profit-sharing. Now, it must be understood that Leclaire had a good business head as well as a warm heart. He said to his men:

"Let no one imagine that when we have this association every one will be free to do what seems good to him. No, gentlemen, it cannot be so. Regulations will fix the rights and duties of each person. I am the master of my business, and I desire to manage it in such a manner that it shall profit the greatest number possible."

These were not the words of a visionary. But his workmen held off—they were afraid of the idea. Its novelty was suspicious. Could a man be so kindly as to part with a share of his profits? If he were to do so, would his business prosper? But Leclaire put his plan into operation on January 1, 1842, promising to report results a year later. His workmen shook their heads significantly. February 12, 1843, was one of the happiest days of Leclaire's life. Assembling about him forty-four of his painters, who were entitled under his arrangement to share profits, if there were any over expenses and fixed charges, he dramatically threw on the table a bag containing 12,266 francs. The effect can be imagined. The cheer that went up shook the rafters. It was a scene for a painter. The following year there were eighty-two sharers in the profits, and

they divided 19,714 francs. In six years, including the first, the sum of 112,588 francs was distributed.

When Leclaire became a candidate for the National Constituent Assembly he thus referred in his electoral address to his profit-sharing scheme: "This is what we can do without touching any man's property. This is what I have practiced for years. I have found my profit in it, and others, also."

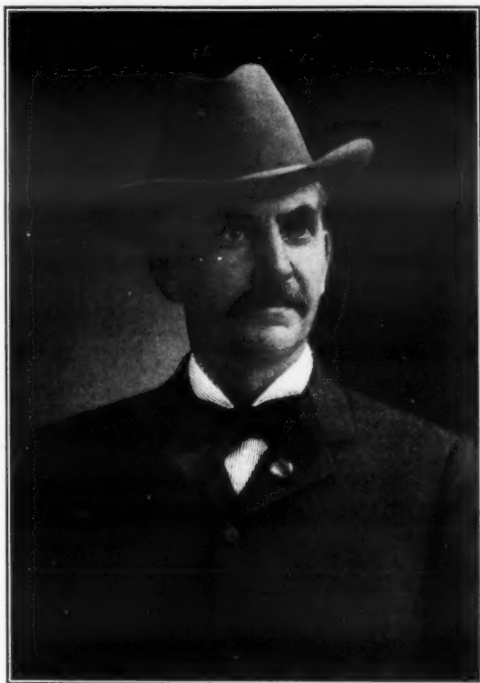
As time went on Leclaire elaborated his plan. The mutual aid society established by his men was to be wound up at the end of a definite time, when the accumulations were to be divided. He induced them to forego the division and substitute a system of retiring pensions. "Pensions," said he, "will put an end to the hostility of master and man, and bring about stability and harmony in the shops." In 1863 the mutual aid society became a perpetual sleeping partner in the Maison Leclaire. For the details of the arrangement there is not space here. On 100,000 francs invested in the firm's business, which was about 16,500 francs less than its accumulated capital, the society was to receive five per cent. interest. In addition, twenty per cent. of the net profits of the business were to accrue to it, while thirty per cent. were to go to the workmen as a cash bonus. "The members of the Mutual Aid

Society," said Leclaire, "are no longer mere journeymen, who act like machines and quit their work before the clock has sounded its last stroke." Five years later the capital of the sleeping partner society amounted to 327,295 francs. Until 1871 the profit-sharing was confined to permanent employees. "Your house is nothing but a box of little masters who make

money out of the others," said a sneering socialist to Leclaire one day. After that a single day's work entitled even an apprentice to a bonus on wages earned. The week before Leclaire died at his home in Herblay (July 13, 1872, in his seventy-second year), his 600 workmen received 50,000 francs as a bonus. His body was carried to the grave in a pine coffin in the Mutual Aid Society's hearse, as he had wished. "Those who have known Leclaire," said M. Robert, "will never forget his expansive physiognomy, sometimes lively and cheerful, sometimes grave and reserved. His white locks, his

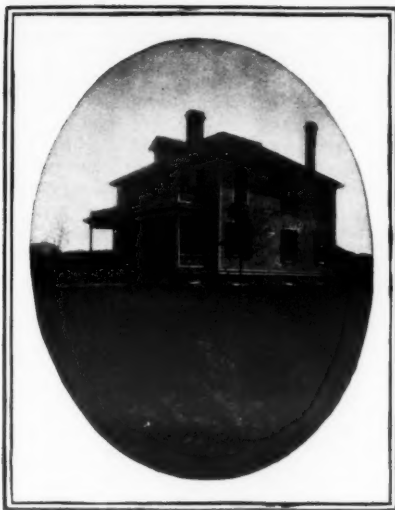
large forehead, his eyes of a clear, sparkling blue, under heavy eyebrows, gave his figure a remarkable character of intelligence and dignity." Leclaire left a fortune of 1,200,000 francs. He was fond of saying that profit-sharing had made him a rich man.

Mr. N. O. Nelson may fittingly be called



Van Loo photo.

"Samuel M. Jones, mayor of Toledo, student, thinker and humanitarian, who sends a check representing five per cent. of wages to each of his employees at Christmas, and gives to each a copy of his breezy "Letters of Love and Labor," talks to them in Golden Rule Park on almost every Sunday afternoon in summer, or gets some other man of ideas to talk to them, conducts a kindergarten for the children in Golden Rule House, takes his work people on picnics up the river, and sees that everybody has a week's vacation with pay."



Home of N. O. Nelson.

"An American manufacturer who lives among his workmen in an industrial community near Edwardsville, Ill., which he has named Leclaire."

the American Leclaire. He is much too modest to claim the distinction, but none of his brother employers who, along the same or different lines, are concerned with the welfare of their work people, will challenge the appellation. The N. O. Nelson Manufacturing Company, of which Mr. Nelson is the head, makes plumbers' and machinists' supplies and bicycles on a large scale, and has a foundry at Bessemer, Ala., and pump works at Mound City, Ill., as well as factories at Edwardsville. The company's office and store are at St. Louis.

A man engaged in the prosaic business of making machinery must have a soul above sordid details to conceive a plan of infusing sweetness and light into the lives of his employees, and he must possess great executive ability and the patience of a philosopher to carry it out. To call him a philanthropist is to miss the mark. A mere philanthropist would never accomplish what Mr. Nelson has done. The name, too, suggesting self-conscious goodness and impracticable theory, repels the hard-headed business man. Profit-sharing, whether it take the form of cash bonuses or welfare institutions, will never have much vogue until the hard-headed business man understands that it will pay in one way or another. Mr. Nelson has made it pay in dividends and in the satisfaction of knowing that the principles of Leclaire can be

applied to industry in the United States. Some people call Mr. Nelson an enthusiast. He may be, but he is not visionary. One of his expressions is: "The Twentieth Century renaissance is to be joy in work." When you understand how healthy, happy and hopeful his work people are at Leclaire, you will understand what he means. They are healthy, because they work in model factories and live in rural homes provided with city conveniences; happy, because they can enjoy the recreations and social advantages of a modern community without a sense of dependence; hopeful, because a competence is assured them by a system which affords a share in the profits of the Nelson Manufacturing Company. "Pat," said Mike in the trench, "lave yure pick in the air—there goes the whistle." There is none of that spirit at Leclaire.

When Mr. Nelson was ready to put into execution the scheme which he had been pondering, he bought one hundred and twenty-five acres of rolling land at Edwardsville, eighteen miles from St. Louis. At the time, 1890, his factories were in St. Louis, and as Mr. Nelson had always regarded the city as "a human bothouse, hospital and graveyard" for factory operatives, it was with something like elation that he began moving his plant to the outskirts of Edwardsville. On fifteen acres of his purchase he built six factories of brick on fireproof and hygienic plans; the other one hundred and ten acres were reserved for homes for himself and his work people, for gardens, lawns, a farm, playground and recreation buildings. Land was sold to the employees for four dollars a front foot, and dwellings were built which they acquired on easy payments—the company supplying water and electric lights for twenty-five cents a light per month, and keeping the roads in repair. Elms and maples were planted, prizes were offered for the best flower gardens; baseball and football grounds laid out; a clubhouse containing a bowling alley and billiard room was built; and a public hall, with side rooms for a library, reading-room, and technical and kindergarten schools. In building a home the workman could consult his own taste; he was not tied down by restrictions, and compelled to live in a house which was only one of many ugly units. He could keep a cow if he wanted to; he was encouraged to cultivate a garden and grow flowers. In ten years only two home-builders defaulted on their payments. Mr. Nelson, by the way, does not oblige his workmen to live in

Leclaire—they can live where they please as long as they come to work. For the single men a commodious boarding-place is provided. Of the one hundred and seventy-five persons employed in the Leclaire factories one hundred and fifty are residents. The library contains 1,500 volumes. Lectures and musicales are given in the public hall during the winter months, and they are free to all. A band of thirty pieces has been formed from the factory force. Instruments can be bought on the installment plan from the company at cost. In the summer time there are outdoor concerts, and on the Fourth of July there is a grand celebration to which eminent speakers are invited. The mutual aid society of Edmé-Jean Leclaire has not



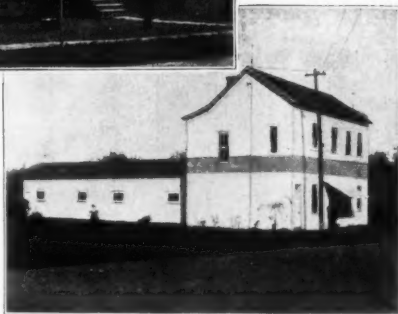
Home of Employee at Leclaire, Ill.

been copied, but the company cares for sick and disabled employees. In case of death forty dollars are allowed for funeral expenses, and if the family of a deceased workman needs assistance two-thirds of his wages are paid until the family is self-supporting. A notable feature of the industrial community at Leclaire is the education and training of the boys. When small they are taught to cultivate fruits and vegetables on the farm.

By degrees they do a little work in the factories, an hour at a time, so that their school course shall not be interrupted. At eighteen they can take their places in the factories on full pay.

Profit-sharing was instituted by the Nelson Company five years before the colony at Leclaire was founded, and the scheme includes the office and store forces at St. Louis, as well as the operatives at Leclaire. Until 1895 the dividends ranged from five to ten per cent. on salaries and wages, at first payable in cash, and after 1890 in the form of stock bonuses. The majority of the employees at St. Louis and Leclaire are stockholders. Since 1895 the bonuses have been suspended, but only in the sense that the cash value has been applied to improving Leclaire. "We have used the earnings," says Mr. Nelson, "in enlarging the plant, in building homes, and in providing and maintaining the public utilities. We, in effect pay ten or fifteen per cent. dividends by working a nine-hour day in trades that are ten hours throughout the country, in paying full union wages, when many other manufacturers in our lines pay ten or fifteen per cent. less. The profit-sharing plan is in force, and the cash dividends will be resumed. At the same time the people, as well as myself, regard it of more importance at present to provide good living conditions than to get a cash dividend."

Like Leclaire, Mr. Nelson is master in his business, but when working hours are over he becomes a social unit. "Then," says he, "I am one of the people, and the mechanic who lives next door—that is to say, on the next lot—is as good a man as I am." He visits his employees,



Bowling Alley and Billiard Hall at Leclaire, Ill.



Home of Employee at Leclaire, Ill.

they come in to see him; he shares their indoor and outdoor social recreations; all are alike interested in the development of Leclaire, its roads, its gardens, its lawns, and the members of his family mingle with the plain folk without condescension on one side or failure of esteem and respect

times talks in a way that would stampede a Gradgrind who was covertly meditating a trial of profit-sharing with a single eye to his own bank account. Mr. Nelson happens to be one of those men who would sooner give his employees an interest in his business than squeeze them to endow institutions.

He dares to say that business for profit only is immoral. He looks on profit-sharing as a step toward co-operation, and believes that the co-operative commonwealth is something more than a day-dream. There is an economic value in profit-sharing, he holds; but its justification must be justice. This sounds like philanthropy, until we remember that in many businesses, whose proprietors would scout the idea that they ever had a philanthropic motive in their lives, a contingent interest in profits is paid to heads of departments, and stock is sold to employees on easy terms. Strikes are unknown at Leclaire. In 1893, when sales were slow and depression general, wages were reduced twenty-five per cent. by the company, but so were salaries and interest. There was no complaint on the part of the employees; everybody worked with the same zeal; in three months full pay was resumed; and at the end of the year the twenty-five per cent. deducted was made up. Is it surprising that Mr. Nelson's industrial community is a success, and that his workmen are intelligent, industrious, contented, loyal and self-respecting? This is the place to insert an opinion which Mr. Nelson expressed in 1892. "Had Mr. Carnegie," he said, "adopted profit-sharing instead of the sliding scale, the chances are there would



Robert E. Sheldon.

President of the Columbus (Ohio) Railway Company, which pays all its employees the dividend on wages that stockholders receive on their stock.

on the other. Mr. Nelson's employees have never presumed to interfere with his management of the business. One of their number used to look over the books at the end of the year by invitation, but Mr. Nelson's word was good enough for them, and they declined to delegate any one for the purpose. This in spite of the fact that Mr. Nelson says of his relations with his men at Leclaire, "We get as far away from the cash Nexus as we can."

With all his success, Mr. Nelson some-

have been no Homestead massacre, and the stoppage of work throughout the country incidental to the strike would have been avoided." It is important to append to this view that Mr. Nelson is a believer in labor unions, and encourages his workmen to join them.

The hard-headed business man may interject at this point: "I do business for gain only, in spite of Mr. Nelson. Can you cite instances of profit-sharing with philanthropy cut out?" That does not seem to be diffi-

cult, although an employer who admitted any of his people to a share, however slight, in the profits of his business would resent the insinuation that concern for their welfare did not enter into his calculations. Judged by appearances only, the following business enterprises have a profit-sharing arrangement with their employees which may be cited as "instances of profit-sharing with philanthropy cut out": The Pillsbury Flour Mills of Minneapolis; Ballard & Ballard, millers, of Louisville; Haines, Jones & Cadbury Company, plumbers' and steamfitters' supplies, of Philadelphia; the Columbus (Street) Railway Co., of Ohio; the Columbus (Ohio) Gas Company; the Peace Dale Manufacturing Company (woolens), of Peace Dale, R. I.; the Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass.; Proctor & Gamble Company (soaps), Cincinnati; Bourne Mills (cottons), Fall River. This is by no means an exhaustive list, but it contains the chief exponents or pioneers in the United States. I have not included the Acme Sucker Rod Company of Mayor Jones of Toledo, for he preaches the Golden Rule, and, greatly to the scandal of the people who are easily shocked, tries to practice it in the open, careless of cynical and hostile opinion and robust in his optimism.

The Pillsbury Flour Mills pay a cash dividend to salary-earners, skilled laborers and those who have worked five years, when the profits exceed eight per cent. interest on the investment. All the excess apparently doesn't go to the employees, and in 1886 and 1887—the system was introduced in 1882—there was no dividend to labor, because of a steady decline in breadstuffs. In 1883 and 1888, \$40,000 was divided, and there has been a distribution every year since, when the eight per cent. and more were earned.

The Ballard & Ballard Company has had a profit-sharing plan for more than ten years. Fourteen years ago it employed a head miller at a stipulated salary and agreed to give him five per cent. of the profits in addition. From this beginning a complete scheme of sharing profits has been developed. As the details may interest those who are inclined to follow in the steps of the American pioneers, they are given in this statement fur-

nished to the writer on November 19, 1901, by Mr. Charles T. Ballard, president of the company: "After this (the arrangement with the head miller) had lasted for a few years, we determined to divide ten per cent. of our net profits among our salaried employees in proportion to their salaries. Our milling year ending June 30, we were confronted with the proposition that a lady employee, who had been with us but four months, participated in the profits for that year, whereas wage earners, who had been with



E. K. Stewart.

First vice-president and general manager of the Columbus Railway Co., allied with President Sheldon in accomplishing the profit-sharing idea.

us for many years, did not, and this struck us as being very unfair. We then decided that for the following year such of our employees or wage earners, who had been with us for two consecutive years, should participate in this division of the ten per cent. We found that this worked very well, and, wishing to reward some of our salaried officers, we, subsequently, gave to each of six of them, in addition to his proportion of the ten per cent., one per cent. of our net profit, and still, subsequently, wishing to reward four of those six, we gave each of them an additional one per cent., which made a total of twenty-five per cent. of our net profits. Commencing with our present year, on July 1, we have changed our entire basis, and now give each of the seven salaried employees five per cent. and divide ten per cent. among our other salaried employees and those wage earners who have been with us for two years or more. Taking these

seven out of the ten per cent. class, of course, largely increases the proportion that will be divided among those participating in that class. We might say that a common day laborer, who comes to us at \$1.25 a day, is advanced to \$1.50 at the expiration of six months, \$1.75 at the expiration of a year, and to \$2 at the expiration of eighteen months, beginning to participate in our profits as above after being with us twenty-four months." The company has never had a strike, nor have the employees had a grievance.

The Haines, Jones & Cadbury Company made its first trial of profit-sharing in 1887-88, all employees participating. In three years the sum of \$30,000 was distributed. "We divided on the profit-sharing plan with all of our employees for about five years," said Mr. William H. Haines recently, "but discontinued this some eight or nine years ago; since then we have divided with the heads of departments, but not with general employees. The only valid reason I see why a dividend should not be paid to everybody is because everybody does not take an interest in making the profits of the business as large as he can. The success of the business rests with a few people who direct the affairs of the concern, and with those of the employees who keep the interest of the concern always before them. Our experience is that our general employee is working mainly for his present week's wage, and does not see a question of general results at all. I suppose he thinks the general results are always satisfactory and profitable, and certainly he acts on that basis, and as though his only object was to get as

large a share of that as he can, and with as little effort as possible." Nevertheless, Mr. Haines is not pessimistic about the future of profit-sharing, for he adds: "I believe the time will come when the people will be educated up to the point where general profit-sharing will be almost universal."

The Columbus (Ohio) Railway Company pays all its employees the same dividend on wages that stockholders receive on their stock. President Robert E. Sheldon says: "The plan is appreciated by our employees, and our stockholders have apparently unanimously approved the action of the board in adopting it, since we have never heard criticism from any source. During the three years, since the inauguration of the plan, we have twice made voluntary advances in the wage schedule, and, besides, have increased our dividend from four to five per cent. per annum on our preferred stock, which, of course, inures to the benefit of employees and stockholders alike. We do not pretend to advise others, because conditions may be different in other localities, but we are certainly well satisfied with a plan that has passed the experimental period."

Columbus seems to be an intelligent and progressive town, for the Columbus Gas Company also pays employees a semi-annual dividend equal in rate to the dividend to stockholders. This dividend may be in stock at the election of the company until the employee has three shares to his credit, when he may sell them. The plan was instituted in 1895. Mr. E. E. Eysenbach, the secretary and treasurer, says that he "would not run a large plant without trying to establish a spirit of good-fellowship between



The Bourne Mills in Fall River, Massachusetts, the Largest Weave-

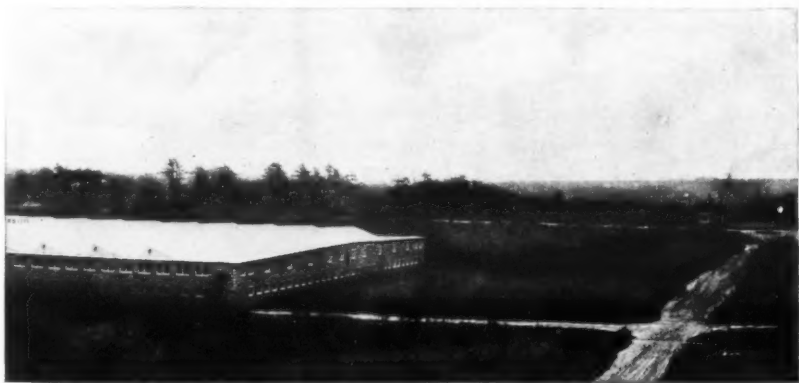
employer and employees in some such way as this."

The Peace Dale Manufacturing Company, two-fifths of whose employees are women, announced in 1878 that after interest, depreciation, a reserve fund and a dividend to capital had been provided for, a cash bonus would be given to every employee. For several years this bonus ranged from three to five per cent. on wages; there was then a suspension, owing to hard times, but the bonus was afterwards paid when receipts were large enough. The Riverside Press allows a share in profits by paying an extra interest on savings, which may not loom large as a benefit, but is an encouragement of thrift. The Proctor & Gamble Company adopted profit-sharing in 1887 as a protection against strikes—there had been fourteen the year before. According to the proportion of wages to the whole cost of production, the net profits were divided between employees (boys and girls not included) and the firm. At first the employees were skeptical, but the dividend for the initial six months was 13.47 per cent on wages, for the second 11.80, and for the third 9.33 per cent. To discourage waste and indifference, it was decided to pay twice the regular dividend to those employees who took a lively interest in their work—who hustled, in other words; the regular dividend to less zealous workers, and no dividend at all to sluggards and wasters. The dividend in April, 1890, was 15.57 per cent., and in three years the employees, without a single exception, were working hard and intelligently and wasting nothing. In July, 1890, the plan of giving employees a dividend

on wages equal to that on the common stock was adopted, and at the time it promised to be twelve per cent. Many of the employees now own stock. There have been no strikes since 1887. The cost of labor has decreased nearly forty per cent., and wages are twelve per cent. higher.

The directors of the Bourne Mills of Fall River have annually indorsed a plan of profit-sharing begun in 1889 because it is "good business." There are 400 employees, and they receive a dividend on wages paid, which has varied between two and seven per cent. The treasurer, Mr. George A. Chace, believes that the dividends to stockholders, on which the bonus to labor depends, have been larger, as a rule, than the net profits of rival concerns because profit-sharing has developed a better class of operators. Mr. Chace says that profit-sharing within certain bounds and under favorable conditions, "is worth the trial of any fair-minded man of business."

Why is it worth an experiment by the fair-minded man of business? The experience of those who have had patience enough to wait for results has been that profit-sharing tends to increase production and to improve the quality of work, promotes care of implements, economizes material, and eliminates the strike factor. J. H. von Thunen, the German economist, who tried profit-sharing on his estate at Tellow, said that it was the only salvation of the laboring class. In France, England and Germany profit-sharing is no longer an experiment. Some great firms and businesses have elaborated it until it is proof against all vicissitudes. It has been established in every kind of manufac-



shed of Its Kind in the World, Having 2,743 Looms on One Floor.

turing, in banking, insurance, printing, transportation, engineering, farming and in retail business and the trades. A list of the known profit-sharing concerns in Europe would fill many pages of this magazine. If philanthropy has anything to do with the movement, then philanthropy pays. M. Laroche-Joubert, of the great co-operative paper works at Angoulême, has said: "The master must not think that he gives away a part of his profits when he enters into co-operation with his men. Not at all. He has done a very good stroke of business."

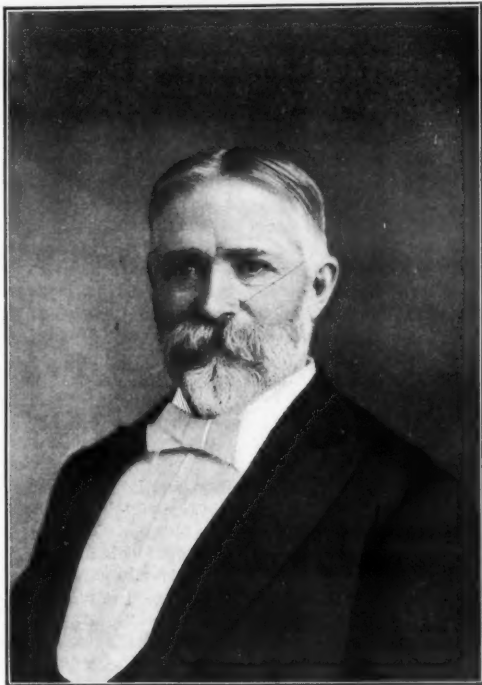
Samuel M. Jones, mayor of Toledo, student, thinker and humanitarian, who sends a check representing five per cent. of wages to each of his employees at Christmas, and gives to each a copy of his breezy "Letters of Love and Labor," talks to them in Golden Rule Park on almost every Sunday afternoon in summer, or gets some other man of ideas to talk to them, conducts a kindergarten for the children in Golden Rule House, takes his work people on picnics up the river, and sees that everybody has a week's vacation with pay, has an abiding faith in profit-sharing as the first step in the economic revolution which is to bring the millenium nearer.

"Profit-sharing," he said, the other day, over his own signature, "is a phase of co-operation and, though there is not much of an outward manifestation, I believe that the co-operative spirit is growing throughout the country and the world. I believe that by the slow processes of growth and evolu-

tion after the slow lapse of years, society is going to realize a perfect democracy in industry and the brotherly relations in life outlined in the history of the early Christians, where we are told that 'No man said that aught he possessed was his own, neither

was there any among them that lacked, but distribution was made to each according as any had need.' I do not believe that there is to be an economic revolution or upheaval that will bring about a change from the present capitalistic and profit-getting system to a socialistic state of affairs—that is, I do not believe that socialists will ever 'take forcible possession of land and the instruments of production,' as they say; but through the growth of intelligence each man will come to see himself as a part of the whole, and come to understand that only

as he co-operates from that standpoint can he in any proper sense realize happiness. I believe that the trust movement is an indication of the growing spirit of co-operation, immoral in its primary aspect because it is inspired by the desire for bigger profits, but it is really religious in its results—that is, it eliminates waste. Its failure is found in the fact that it does not justly distribute the saving effected by the economy of combination. The next step, and the inevitable one, as I believe, is co-operation in the field of distribution that will involve the men who work with their hands as well as those who work with their heads."



Gay Photo.

George A. Chace.

Treasurer of the Bourne Mills, Fall River, who "believes that the dividends to stockholders, on which the bonus to labor depends, have been larger as a rule, than the net profits of rival concerns because profit-sharing has developed a better class of operators."

THE WAYS OF WOMEN

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

THE girl removed a very handsome engagement ring from the proper finger and laid it with an air of great decision upon the desk.

"I had thought you were to be trusted in everything," she said. "I had but believed in you so completely! I can never believe in anyone again, never! I think you have broken my heart." And she regarded her *vis-à-vis* out of the corner of a tearful eye to see how he was taking it.

Mr. Livingstone gazed at her with a sort of hopeless despair upon his face.

"All my life long," he said, bitterly, "older and more experienced men have been trying to convince me of the limitations of a woman's sense of humor. I have wasted no end of time and breath contradicting them, but I am sorry for it now, deeply sorry. You are making a tremendous row over just nothing at all, Jessica. I have explained the thing in detail three times. Do you want me to explain it again?"

"I do not,"

said the girl. "There is nothing more to be said. Your explanations are unsatisfactory—not to say absurd. Here is the ring, which I must beg you to take away with you. Your—your presents and things I will send you to-morrow. May I ask if you have anything of mine about you now? If so, you might as well give it to me."

"I have," said Mr. Livingstone, with some emotion, "and I will give it to you with joy, but I advise you, if you care for propriety, to step into the next room while

I get at it."

He struggled fiercely for a moment with one hand inside a rather closely-fitting collar, and the other pressed theatrically to his bosom. The girl watched him with fascinated alarm.

After a moment, during which it seemed likely that his feelings would get the better of him, he produced a flat gold locket, oval in form, and attached to a thin chain which encircled his neck.

He tore the clasp in two, and shoved the locket and chain across the desk.

"It has



"He struggled fiercely for a moment with one hand inside a rather closely-fitting collar, and the other pressed theatrically to his bosom."

your picture in it," he said, resentfully, "the little one you gave me two months ago, and I've nearly died of it. I swore I'd never take it off till we were married, so I've had to give up water polo at the athletic club, and I don't dare go into a Turkish bath with another man, or into the showers at the club after fencing. Jimmie saw it once when we were playing tennis, and told everyone he met for a week——"

The girl rose hurriedly from her chair and swept to the door. The movement had brushed the gold locket off the desk, and Livingstone absently noted that it rolled into a corner and hid itself in the folds of the portière.

"You are positively insufferable!" said the girl from the doorway. "I am very fortunate in having discovered it so early." And Livingstone heard her go deliberately upstairs.

He sat on the edge of the desk a moment considering.

"Oh, very well!" he said, presently. He was beginning to grow a little angry. "You are a bit hasty, my dear, but I can't chase you upstairs to tell you so." And he went out into the hall for his hat and coat. But by the time the footman had let him out he was going slowly down the stairs to the street, his anger had evaporated, and he laughed a little. He was still a bit troubled, for he believed himself genuinely in love with Jessica and this was their first important quarrel, but he had no doubt that a little tact on the morrow, when she had had a night in which to reflect, would easily restore their old relations.

"But what am I going to do now?" he demanded. "It isn't much after nine. I don't want to go home."

He hesitated a moment on the curb, and two cabs instantly charged at him on the run, coming from opposite directions. He moved off down the Avenue, leaving the drivers in earnest conversation relative to the character, manly beauty, ancestry and probable destination of each other.

"Oh, that's mere nursery prattle," said Mr. Livingstone, disgustedly. "Those chaps ought to drive a fiacre in Paris for a year. They'd learn something—if they didn't die of the shock."

He walked down to Forty-fourth Street and then turned west.

"I'll just drop in for the third act of 'Hearts,'" he decided. "There's nothing else to do."

So he dropped in at the Criterion and saw

the third act of "Hearts" again, and, as he was coming out, met a man whom he wanted to see about a certain green hunter. The man wanted to sell the horse and Livingstone wanted to buy it, and at last agreed—over a cocktail—to look in at the man's stable the next day. Then just as he was turning to go in for the last act of the play he nearly ran into Carrol Cartwright and pretty little Mrs. Carrol, whom he had not seen since their marriage, and two or three other people whom he knew slightly. They were all going home to the Cartwright's for a rarebit, and insisted upon his coming, too.

"Unless you've been away from America so long that you've forgotten what a rarebit is," said Mrs. Cartwright, smiling.

"Well," he answered, thoughtfully, "at least, I haven't forgotten a number of other things."

Mrs. Cartwright saw fit to blush.

He would vastly have preferred to take a cab in comfort and meet the party at the house, but they insisted upon packing him into a small brougham where he had nothing to sit on, and was made to keep his feet still so that he shouldn't ruin Mrs. Cartwright's pink satin.

At the house she decoyed him into a Turkish corner, while the others quarreled over the chafing dish, and settled herself opposite him with an excited little sigh.

"Now," she demanded, "tell me everything. I have been hearing the most remarkable tales about you from Paris and London and Vienna, particularly Paris. Tell me everything you've been doing."

"Oh, Lord!" cried the horrified Mr. Livingstone, "I can't, Sibyl, I really can't. It—it wouldn't be proper."

Mrs. Cartwright wrinkled her nose. But then she had a very pretty nose and knew it. Everyone told her so—even her dearest friend.

"Haven't you done anything that is proper enough to tell?" she inquired. "Oh, by the way, two people told me yesterday that you were engaged again—you are always engaged to somebody—to Jessica Rogers this time. Are you?"

"I think," said Mr. Livingstone, "that Miss Rogers would deny it. Yes," he went on, chuckling a little, "I think she would deny it with some emphasis. You might ask her, though."

"You haven't been to see me," said the lady, irrelevantly, "and you've been in America nearly three months." She looked tender, unutterable reproach at him out of

violet eyes. "After—after everything!" she said and sighed.

"I didn't dare," said Livingstone, gloomily; "I thought it was best to stop away. Don't you want to leave me any peace of mind?"

"You said you were never going to—forget," murmured Mrs. Cartwright.

"Did I say I had forgotten?" he demanded.

The lady sighed.

"You married Carrol!" said he.

"You had left me and gone over seas," breathed the lady.

"Why didn't you wait?" he mourned.

Mrs. Cartwright looked at him again and sighed. "Carrol, Carrol!" she called, plaintively.

Cartwright approached armed with a wicked-looking cheese-knife and a bottle of beer.

"He's making love to me, Carrol!" she complained.

"Oh, don't you be set up by that,"

advised her lord, calmly. "He'd make love to a wooden Indian if it was a lady Indian. But he can't make love any longer, he's got to open beer. Come along, Romeo."

"The last time I had anything to do with a rarebit," said Livingstone, as he wound up several yards of his portion on his fork and politely pretended not to notice that it was stringy, "was about a year ago in my studio in Paris. I had a chafing dish over there, and used to cook all sorts of things to please a rather frolicsome set of my intimate friends. Well, I'd met a very jolly sort of Englishman at Homburg the summer before; Feltham, Lord Feltham, so he looked me up in Paris, said Lady Feltham was with him, and asked if he might bring her over to the studio. I told him to bring her that

evening, and went out and asked Jimmie Rogers and Gurd and Simmy Simmons to come around. I got a nice motherly old Russian countess who had a studio near mine to keep Lady Feltham in countenance.



"Now," she demanded, "tell me everything. I have been hearing the most remarkable tales about you from Paris and London and Vienna."

"Well, they came, and I nearly fell into the fireplace. Lady Feltham was in black velvet and diamonds, and kept her head so far back that I wondered she didn't run into the furniture when she walked about. I was in a dinner jacket, thank Heaven! but Jimmy Rogers was in breeches, Simmons was in something equally awful, and the Russian countess was a sight.

"Lady Feltham walked around looking at the life studies pinned up on the walls, through a lorgnette—I'd forgotten they were there—while I made the rarebit feeling as if I were boiling my ancestors.

"She'd made me angry by then with her beastly condescension, so I egged Jimmie and the other fellows on to sing songs and do some dancing.

"Altogether we were very rowdy indeed, but when we were quite tired out and panting for breath, Feltham borrowed the banjo—he could play it, too!—and, bless my soul, if that magnificent creature in black velvet didn't tuck up her skirts and do the most wonderful dance I ever saw in my life! It was simply ripping! Jimmie Rogers tried to do it from memory—you all know how he can dance—and failed miserably. Lord, but it was a turn!

"The joke was that I found out afterward she had danced at the Alhambra for five years before Feltham married her."

"The last time I ate a rarebit——" began the three other men, simultaneously.

"Mr. Livingstone," said the hostess, firmly, "will you open more beer?"

It was after one o'clock when Livingstone came down the Cartwright's steps into the Avenue. He had eaten three plates of very rubbery rarebit, and acknowledged to himself, with a plaintive sigh, that sleep was for the time entirely out of the question.

His mind went back with a little, half-troubled pang to the early evening and to Jessica.

"Afraid I didn't quite rise to the occasion," he admitted to himself, "afraid I wasn't very patient, I shouldn't have given her back that locket, anyhow, that wasn't the right thing at all. Wish I had that locket. Of course, it will be patched up all right to-morrow, still—— Well, I wish I had that locket. I'd sworn never to part with it."

He was walking slowly down the Avenue, and suddenly he stopped under a street lamp and began to laugh.

"Oh, nonsense!" he said, after a moment, "I'd be shot or arrested, or scalded with a pail of water. It would be a lark, though, and I do want the locket. Oh, nonsense!" But he laughed again and his eyes sparkled.

He was thinking of the room in which Jessica and he had held their little quarrel. It was the library, Jessica's father's study, situated on the first floor of the house, next to the dining-room, and looking out through two windows upon the uninspiring areas and back fences common to New York.

He remembered that one of the two windows had a broken lock. He had noticed it about every day and had spoken to Jessica about it.

"I want that locket," said Mr. Livingstone. "Well," he added, apologetically,

"it won't be the first fool thing I've done, anyhow—not by a good deal."

At Fiftieth Street he crossed to Sixth Avenue and walked south two or three blocks, then turned back east again. He stopped before a high brick wall that stood by the street's edge, at the back of the row of houses facing upon Fifth Avenue. There was a door in the wall which gave upon a little alley running along behind the row of back areas, a tradesmen's entrance. By great good luck, the door was ajar.

Livingstone looked about him swiftly and entered.

"Her house is the third from the cross street," he said to himself, and counted three of the gates that opened upon the common alley. What he did not observe was that the house nearest the cross street had no area gate at all.

He climbed the gate of the third area and stood under the rear of the house. The entrance to the basement had a hood cover like the roof of a dog's kennel. It offered an easy footing by which to mount to the windows of the first story. The library window upon which he meditated his attack stood open about six inches at the bottom. There seemed to be a dim light within.

"They must have gone to bed long ago," said Livingstone. "I know they weren't going out anywhere to-night."

He propped a bit of loose board against the wall and made the roof of the cellarway. Then he raised the partly-open window very slowly and noiselessly and looked in. His heart gave a sudden leap.

A young woman in a black evening gown was sitting by the fire across the room with her back to the window. The red-shaded lamp upon the study desk filled the room with a soft, dim light.

"Why, it's Jessica!" said Livingstone, in an astonished whisper. "Up at this hour!" He let himself into the room quickly.

"Dearest," he said, "dearest!"

The young woman sprang from her chair and faced him, eyes bright, breast heaving. "Great Caesar!" cried Livingstone, softly, and fell back against the window.

It was a woman entirely strange to him.

"If—if you're a burglar," gasped the girl, "you might as well go away. I've—I've only to call the butler from the hall."

"I don't believe the butler is up," said Livingstone. "If he is, you treat your servants abominably. It must be half-past one o'clock. Besides, do I look like a burglar?" he demanded.

"How should I know what burglars look like?" argued the girl. "And if you aren't a burglar, why are you climbing into people's back windows? Do you fancy that sort of thing? You don't look like a maniac—not altogether."

"I came into the wrong house," he declared, sulkily; "I was after a locket."

"Oh," said the girl. "Well, I haven't any lockets for you, and you'd best go away. I have a small watch, but it is an heirloom, and I should hate to give it even to you. Of course, there is the silver, but that is locked up in a safe."

Mr. Livingstone had been fumbling the papers on the big desk, nervously, while the girl was speaking. His eyes caught the address of an opened letter, and he stooped toward it with a sudden little cry. Then he looked up at the girl, and the something curiously familiar in her face all at once made him certain.

"You are Eleanor Vernon?" he exclaimed.

"Well," said the girl.

"Miss Vernon"—he began hesitatingly

"—I—I want to say something to you. Will you—will you sit down and let me talk for ten minutes?" He looked up with a deprecatory smile. "I'm not a burglar," he declared, shaking his head humorously, "in spite of appearances. I'm—I'm— Well,



"Why it's Jessica!" said Livingstone, in an astonished whisper. "Up at this hour!"

I used to play with you when we were both little. I haven't even seen you for a good many years, but I know some things that—that can help you—be of service to you. Will you listen to me?"

The girl sank into a chair slowly and

raised her puzzled, half-convinced eyes to her visitor.

"But why did you come in here?" she demanded. "What are you doing at back windows if you're a gentleman?"

"I told you," he said, impatiently, "that I made a mistake in the house. What I was after was rather silly, a sort of kid's trick, but it doesn't in the least matter to us. What does matter is that—they say you are engaged to be married to Karl von Steinbrücke. Is it true?"

The girl rose from her chair.

"I don't know who you are," she said, coldly. "You say we played together when we were children, and that may be so, but it does not give you any warrant to come here at two o'clock in the morning and discuss my engagements or any of my private affairs."

"Just a moment, please," begged Mr. Livingstone. "I told you that I could be of service to you, and so I can, I believe. You must surely be aware that I would vastly prefer going home to my bed, to sitting here at this hour and discussing your private affairs or the private affairs of anyone else. It must be reasonably evident that I am not in search of amusement. Will you listen to me?"

The girl made as if to speak, then she sat down again and looked curiously at the intruder.

"I have known Baron von Steinbrücke," continued Livingstone, "for several years, in Vienna and in Salzburg, and in Paris and Aix. I have known him a great deal longer than you have, and I want to tell you a little about him. Of course, I know"—he paused, frowning down upon the pens and blotters under his hand, and went on very slowly and diffidently, "I know what you think, what we all think of the chap who goes about saying unpleasant things of another man, and warning the girls he knows against the man. But it seems to me—it seems to me that there are cases when that sort of thing becomes, not only permissible, but—well, a duty that I, for one, should not care to shirk. This—this rather unconventional meeting gives me the opportunity that I have long wished for. I am sorry to warn you that what I have to say is not at all pleasant."

"If you are about to favor me," interrupted the girl, "with a list of hearsay tales, contemptible little newspaper slanders of the baron's early life, I might tell you that I have without doubt heard them

already. Moreover, the baron's life up to the day of my meeting him does not in the least concern me. What he is now, not what he was, is of interest to me."

"This is not hearsay," said Mr. Livingstone. "Moreover, it has nothing to do with the baron's life before you met him. It is of later date than that."

The girl turned suddenly very pale and leaned toward Mr. Livingstone, with a vague fear in her eyes.

"Did you happen to know," asked the man, gravely, "a certain Miss Ingraham in Vienna, Gladys Ingraham?"

"Of course I did," replied Miss Vernon, "I knew her and loved her. Everyone loved her."

"Exactly," agreed Livingstone, "everyone knew her, and everyone loved her. There was never a sweeter, more utterly unselfish creature this side of heaven. Everyone had cause to love her. You knew, too, of course, that she was in Vienna that year, with her mother and father, and that her father was a chair-ridden invalid, who had been brought from England in a sort of forlorn hope that Swartzkopfen could do something for him. Your engagement to von Steinbrücke was announced, I believe, a little more than a year ago, in October. During the week or so preceding the announcement I happened to run upon the baron with curious frequency at the Ingraham's apartment. It was none of my affair, of course, but for all that, I didn't like it. You see, I had known him for some time. Then when your engagement was made known I was the more at a loss. Gladys was such a quiet, simple, flower-like sort—not really very pretty, you know, certainly not beautiful, that I couldn't make out what the man was at. Then, it was perhaps a week later, I happened to be in a certain café one night with a party of men. The baron was in the party. He had been drinking perhaps a bit more than he ought, though he was by no means intoxicated, and he started in to boast, with great wealth of detail, for he had no sense of shame at all, of his conquest of—Gladys Ingraham."

The girl gave a little sharp cry.

"He said," continued Mr. Livingstone, without seeming to notice the interruption, "that she was at that moment out in Schloss Steinbrücke, and that he expected her to stop there a few days. I have a sort of idea," pursued Livingstone, slowly, "that it was the very freshness, the childishness, the unspoiled innocence of the girl, that had dared him. No other man would have thought

of even making love to Gladys. She wasn't that sort. She was a kind of little sister to everybody. Well, a certain young man in the party took the trouble to break a decanter over the baron's head and tried to kill him, but the waiters hustled the baron away and the other men held the young fellow, who was, by the way, an American. His name doesn't matter.

"The next day the American drove out to Schloss Steinbrücke and bribed his way in. He found the baron with a very bad head indeed, and he—he found the girl, too. She was in a very dreadful and pitiable state of nerves. She recognized the young American, but didn't seem to realize her surroundings or the character of—of what had happened. No, I don't think she was being held there a prisoner, though at one moment she raved the most passionate, heartbreaking love for Steinbrücke, and the next moment seemed horribly afraid of him.

"To be very brief, the American packed her into his carriage and took her, sobbing and shivering, back to Vienna, but not till he had had a little interview with the baron and had made an appointment for a meeting with swords that evening. He also extorted a promise, on pain of murder then and there, that the engagement with you should be broken—I believe it was broken—for a week, was it not?

"The baron didn't keep his engagement. He could not be found anywhere. In fact, it was discovered that he had hurriedly left Vienna. Three days later the other man was called to Paris, and soon after to America. However, the thing didn't end there. A week after the American had left Vienna, Gladys Ingraham was back at Schloss Steinbrücke. You used to visit the Schloss in those days, didn't you? You used to drive out with a jolly little crowd. Gladys was not kept in the rooms that you saw. Of course, her parents knew, but they could do nothing—you know the baron's authority and influence in Vienna, and Captain Ingraham was, as I have said, a helpless invalid. But that is not the most diabolical part of it all. Steinbrücke, under threat of exposing the whole thing publicly—you see, the parents still clung wretchedly to some hope of getting the girl away from him and keeping it hushed up—managed to extort no end of money, which he sorely needed, from Captain Ingraham, who was wealthy.

"Well, he grew tired of her, I suppose. At any rate, he finally sent her back to her people and went on in his own way. The

Ingrahams crawled home to Devon. . . . That's all. Of course, I could tell you others. I could tell you about the baron's being turned out of clubs for cheating at cards. I could tell you of certain . . . But that's the sort of man you're going to marry, Miss Vernon."

The girl raised an awful face to him.

"But—but Gladys?" she whispered.

"Oh, Gladys," said Mr. Livingstone, bending over the pens and blotters, "Gladys—she's alive, I believe. She is in a private asylum near Hastings."

The girl's head dropped upon her arm with a little shivering moan.

Then after a long time she looked up once more, and rose to her feet.

"I think you must go now," she said, unsteadily. "And—and I don't know who you are, but I want to thank you. You've done a great deal for me, you may have— Oh, go! go!"

Mr. Livingstone laid a hand upon her arm. "You won't marry him?" he asked; but the girl turned her face to him, full of such repulsion, such loathing, that he had no need to ask again. He went swiftly to the window and slipped out into the night.

An hour later the girl moved with lagging steps to a cabinet in the wall of the study and took out of it a packet of photographs. From these she selected one that bore on the margin the name, "Joseph Sachs, im Wien." It was a group of young people in riding clothes, posed against a tall hedge. On the back of the card was a numbered list of names. At once she found the face for which she was searching, and looked at the name.

"Great heavens, it's Gerald Livingstone!"

Mr. Livingstone awoke about ten o'clock the next morning and tried feebly to remember what very idiotic thing he had done the night before.

"I know it was something special," he reasoned, "because I feel foolish—I mean, more foolish than usual."

His eye alighted on two letters and a small packet, evidently delivered by messenger, for they bore no stamps, laid with the morning paper on a little stand by the bed.

The writing on one letter and the packet was very familiar, and he seized upon the note with a joyous shout. It was brief but satisfactory.

"Here is that locket," it said. "I'm sorry, Jerry, I was foolish. Come and tell me you're sorry, too."

"So that's all right," said Mr. Livingstone, with a wide, beautiful smile.

He took up the other note and looked at it with some curiosity. "Don't know that hand," he declared. Then he opened it.

"My Dear Mr. Livingstone," it began, "you see I have found out who you are—I feel that I owe you this brief explanation of a course which will probably surprise you. I am certain that you meant well in telling me what you told me last night—or this morning—and did faithfully what you believed to be your duty. If at first I was entirely overcome with the disgust and horror which your tale invoked, a more mature judgment has convinced me that you must have been in some way misled, or that Baron von Steinbrücke has been grossly misrepresented to you. However, true or false as the story may be, I cannot be moved from my determination to fulfil my engagement. Perhaps, sentiment is after all not the only thing to be considered. I

know, of course, how you will judge me for coming to this decision but I am quite determined. Thanking you once more for your well-meant attempt to serve me, let me remain. Very cordially,

"ELEANOR DE WITT VERNON."

Mr. Livingstone sat for a long time in his bed staring out over the crumpled letter into the gray morning shadows of the darkened room. He shook his head perplexedly.

"*Ce que femme veut*"—he began, "I wonder—I wonder— Oh, pshaw!"

He threw the letter from him, still shaking a puzzled head, and took up the little parcel that held the gold locket.

"After all," he said, with his wide, generous smile, "this is the only thing that really counts."

THE JEWELS OF AMERICAN WOMEN

By FRANK S. ARNETT

THE man of fashion was never so lowly in garb as now. Even the simple diamond has been wrenched from the plain shirt front that but lately was embroidered, and, somewhat earlier, boasted frills and flutings. Time was when an Englishman arrayed himself in little less than the splendor of Solomon. Then the man of wealth was known by the glory of his apparel; in this degenerate period he is known, if at all, by its simplicity. Velvets and laces, waving plumes, jeweled swords, buckles and garters—alas, the days of *Le Grand Monarque*, even those of poor old George Brummell, are long passed, and man has only sack-cloth and ashes to which to look forward as a more humble covering than that to which he is already condemned. But Woman!

Woman has certainly had no share in man's tumble from baubles to broadcloth, but long ago, on the contrary, commenced to look upon jewels as of at least equal importance with clothes, and now seems likely to reach a stage where, while not returning to the condition in which she was born, she will disdain mortal handiwork and completely

cover herself with a wondrous garment of nature's gems.

Man encourages this tendency. Apparently he toils with no other object in view than to adorn with precious stones his ideal of beauty in the person of some woman, either of society, of the stage, or of the street. Glance through the ballroom of the Patriarchs, where millions of dollars are crystalized in diamonds and rubies that glitter and burn on beautiful flesh, by contact with which the ancients believed the pearl to absorb the luster of life; scan the boxes during the grand opera season, and note again the millions represented in coronets and regal necklaces; enter the theatres where the exhibited beauty of woman has supplanted the art of the drama and observe the girls of the chorus, with never a line to say, but with priceless rings flashing on fingers that later, in the depths of comfortable broughams, will be thrust into soft, warm furs, and, when the curtain falls, visit the smart restaurants and wonder at their amalgamation of women of every station in life save that of poverty, which not a few

have known in a striven-to-be-forgotten past—come together, not to eat, or drink, or chat with the men that have toiled, or stolen, or lied for the means to beautify them, but to dazzle with jewels their very givers, and these, in turn, are here to revel in the thought that their money has paid for this display.

The rough, unsophisticated Westerner, prodigal with the riches of years of labor, leans from his box, with flushed face and staring eyes, and throws a diamond bracelet at the feet of the goddess behind the footlights. The wiser idler, possessed of inherited wealth, and the Wall Street broker, although the click of the ticker still sounds in his ears, retains his bracelet until after he has met the goddess at the stage door. At the cozy private supper table the jewels will be more dazzling to eyes that are liquid with wine, and gratitude may then be more expressive.

Woman is drunk with a passion for the cold white gem. It matters not to her that the amethyst scintillates with the color of royalty or that the blood-red ruby's glow in itself suggests the opulence of the Orient. To her the diamond is the personification of wealth, of the whole meaning of money: it is the result of drudgery, of struggle, of triumph; it is the concrete expression of devotion. It is man's chief ally when he pleads for her love or plots for her ruin. In the language of the soulless stone there are no such words as purity or pollution. In India it is believed that the diamond produces somnambulism. It is



Mrs. William Page Thompson.

charity to hope that such has sometimes been its effect in America. It has purchased things so precious that in their sale the same value in money would have been as so much dross. In an ecstasy of desire woman sees the jewel flashing before her sleep-closed eyes, and whether she be wedded wife or painted outcast, some man exists before whose toil or crime-strained eyes it also glitters, the one with a longing to possess, the other with a longing to give, that he may adorn his human property, both with the longing to flaunt before their little world the evidence of their wealth.

The Bowery bartender tricks his cash register because he has in mind a diamond stud for his gaudy shirt bosom and a diamond ring for the girl with whom he "spieled" last night at Harmony Hall; some similar thought is possessed by the pickpocket in the crush of the holiday shoppers; far off in Dawson City, the women at work in the fish

canneries attend to their duties arrayed in silks and high-heeled French shoes, diamonds in profusion at their throats, in their ears, and on their hands; and the humanness of it all is again evident in the cannibal chief as he places beads and bangles on the dusky neck of a fat favorite or suspends a shell from her flat nose. Fifth Avenue, Beacon Street, the Faubourg St. Germain, have no monopoly in this. Civilization shares it with barbarism, wealth with poverty, and culture with ignorance. A few carats of diamonds make the whole world kin.

On the lower East



Mrs. Potter.

Side of New York costly gems glisten on unwashed linen and on dirty, toil-deformed fingers. There a man or woman will sacrifice the comforts and even the necessities of life to become the possessor of a single diamond ring. They will spend their last dollar on its purchase and then go hungry for days. They will run into debt to attain their ambition, or pay for the coveted object a few cents each week for an entire year or more; then, when at last it is actually theirs, really brought home "for keeps," although there is no coal, nor money to buy it, they will sit shivering and gloating over the fiery flashings of their treasure.

The world has never seen, and in no other part of the world is there now to be seen anything like America's jewel-madness as shown by the conditions of to-day, when more than three hundred New York establishments are engaged solely in the importation of precious stones, when agents of American dealers are searching Europe for the white gem and hopelessly endeavoring to supply American appeals for rubies and emeralds, and when six thousand men in South Africa are toiling to obtain diamonds more than half of which are to add to the beauty and happiness of the American woman. It is she that has caused the United States to become the greatest diamond market in the world. For her we have imported in a single year \$20,000,000 worth of precious stones; for her, at one period we smuggled them in at the rate of \$7,000,000 a year; for her we annually buy something like \$12,000,000 worth of diamonds, and thus, for her sake, heartlessly leave, of the world's total output of diamonds, only some \$8,000,000 worth to satisfy the vanity of all the rest of the women on earth. For her adornment we annually cause to be

brought to this country diamonds weighing in the aggregate one thousand two hundred pounds, a weight three times that of the total output of the famous Kimberly field, and practically the equal of that of the whole of South Africa, the world's greatest diamond mine.

Once upon a time woman was content with such jewels as she could wear on her fingers, in her hair, at her throat or ears. Such Puritan simplicity is long out of date. Now they constitute the chief part of her ball gowns; petticoats of white satin embroidered half way to the waist with elaborate designs encrusted with diamonds, the bodice loaded with jewels; or by the application of one thin material to another she brings out the figure of a garland of pale green leaves, each holding dewdrops of diamonds. Far be it from me to know how she gets into some of these marvelous creations, such as a stomacher



Mrs. Burke-Roche.

almost solid with precious stones, but they must be more difficult to don than suits of armor were to the knights of old.

In times past she was content to dazzle us with her gems at dinner, at the opera, or at an evening reception. Now, at the races or at luncheon she appears with her fingers heavy with diamonds, many rows of pearls around her neck, and rubies in the buckles of her waist.

In those same days that she cannot have forgotten, a god-child was not a serious matter; she gave it a silver spoon, or a goblet. That, of course, has all been done away. To be at all respectable, nothing less than a necklet of diamonds and pearls will do. As for simple little souvenirs at weddings, cake for the bridesmaids and perfectos for the ushers, perish the thought. When Katherine Duer became Mrs. Clarence Hungerford Mackay, her gifts to her brides-

maids were pins of turquoises surrounded by diamonds; when Mrs. Marshall Orme Wilson relinquished the name of Astor the bridesmaids received lace fans with pearl handles inlaid with gold, the ushers scarf pins of diamonds and rubies; and when Gertrude Vanderbilt and Harry Payne Whitney together bravely started out in their effort to keep the wolf from the door, these little trifles were brooches of diamonds and pearls in the form of forget-me-nots, and, for the men, stick pins also set with diamonds and pearls.

Again. Do you remember when good old-fashioned society women sat by the hour and talked bonnets? When there were whispered comments to the effect that Mrs. A. looked like a fright in hers, and that Mrs. B.'s (providing Mrs. B., of course, was the one addressed) was simply a dream? There is no more of it. You may possibly hear Mrs. C. say that Mrs.



Aline Dupont photo.

Princess Brancaccio.
An American born princess.

D.'s new crown isn't a bit becoming, but bonnets are a very minor consideration, indeed.

These crowns are really and truly ones, although some are more modestly referred to as coronets and others as tiaras. I can trace their use in America no further back than the third Mrs. John Jacob Astor, who died in 1887, but her sister-in-law, Mrs. William

Astor, was almost as early in the field with the royal insignia. The value of these ornaments varies from \$20,000 to \$50,000 each. The present Mrs. John Jacob Astor has two, one solely of diamonds and valued at \$50,000, the other of diamonds and emeralds, valued at \$30,000; while Mrs. Ogden Mills possesses three, with a total value of \$85,000, one composed of diamonds, another of diamonds and pearls, and the third of diamonds and emeralds. Others that have adopted a custom that was at first a bit startling are Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. William Starr Miller, Mrs. Bradley-Martin, Mrs. William D. Sloane, Mrs. Levi P. Morton, Mrs. Alfred S. Post, Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay, Mrs. George Jay Gould, Mrs. Charles T. Yerkes, Mrs. Perry Tiffany, Mrs. Philip Rhineland, Mrs. Harry Payne

Whitney and Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt.

No small part of the twelve or



Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.
Whose jewels are estimated at \$2,000,000.



Mrs. John W. Mackay.
Whose jewels are estimated at \$1,000,000.

fifteen tons of diamonds we have imported from South Africa in the last quarter of a century has been carried to England, France, Italy, Germany and Russia by American girls that have married titled foreigners.

It would be all but impossible to estimate the value of the jewels taken abroad through these marriages. That it has been stupendous is indicated by the fact that at least nineteen American girls have each carried to Europe fortunes of from one to five millions of dollars, bringing to their noble husbands a total of \$56,000,000 in hard American cash, and not less than \$11,000,000 in diamonds and other precious stones.

We were all kindly disposed toward the Duke of Manchester when, on his marriage with Miss Zimmerman, of Cincinnati, he seemed desirous of equalizing things somewhat by his gift to her of a necklace, the pearls in which were estimated to be worth at least \$70,000. It was sent to the bride one evening at the Waldorf-Astoria, and the American girl was in ecstasies at the gorgeous gift. Its size and beauty caused a sensation at the European resorts later visited by the couple, and the Duchess took a natural pride in its display. But one day she gently and tearfully tucked it away in the bottomest corner of her trunk. A wretch of a jeweler had actually asked his grace to pay for the necklace! Nay, he had even dunned him in person from New York to Wiesbaden, from Wiesbaden to Paris, and from Paris back to New York. This was bad enough, but when the jeweler brought suit it developed that the pearls were paste, and that the cost of the entire trinket was only \$695. We common or garden Americans do not always pay for our jewels, but those for which we owe are usually the real thing.

Nor are we entirely beggared at home, either of beauty or of gems, and the jewels

belonging to the women that are true to us are well worthy of attention.

Suppose we imagine two leaders of New York society arrayed in as many of their jewels as they could wear within the farthest

limits of barbaric propriety. Let us select at random Mrs. William Astor and, among the younger set, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr. Mrs. Astor we will suppose to have on some such gown as that in which her portrait was painted by Carolus Duran, although that particular gown of course now exists only on the canvas. We can also presume that she wears her \$50,000 tiara of diamonds. About her neck is fastened a velvet band to which are attached seven brilliants, valued at \$70,000. Also from her neck hang three



Mrs. Timothy L. Woodruff.
Wife of New York's Lieutenant-Governor.

great necklaces with a total value of \$150,000. Each of her ears bears \$5,000 in diamonds. A magnificent stomacher encrusted with diamonds to the value of \$50,000 clothes her in gems like a breastplate from waist to low-cut bodice, in the V-shaped opening of which beautiful lace appears, embroidered with rare and almost priceless pearls. Some \$10,000 in diamond ornaments are in her hair, and her fingers could, but certainly would not, be covered with at least \$25,000 in rings. Although we have thus arrayed her in \$365,000 worth of gems she has still left at home enough to ransom a missionary from Bulgarian bandits.

Let us now picture Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., formerly Virginia Fair, outrivaled by none of the younger matrons of the Vanderbilt family in the ownership of precious stones. She wears, of course, her \$50,000 diamond stomacher, a perfect network of gems, presented to her by John W. Mackay, her father's partner in those Aladdin's lamp days of the Comstock Lode. Her pretty neck is burdened with a perfect Galconda. On it is a superb \$25,000 necklace of evenly-matched pearls to which is attached a splen-

did pendant, set with a fiery ruby and a single pear-shaped pearl. From another pendant, a huge pearl, depend still other pearl and diamond pendants. With these is a \$15,000 necklace of diamonds and softly chatoyant moonstones of India; and, struggling to be seen among this richness is a quaint and costly brooch representing a bit of bark on which three birds of turquoise are perched. Among \$10,000 in rings sparkling on her fingers is a marquise set with a great pear-shaped diamond. A rivi re of rubies and old mine diamonds completes a costume that would have brought a gasp from Cleopatra.

The three families of enormous wealth that, with the addition of the Rockefellers, constitute the most widely known of American multi-millionaires, do not, however, monopolize the splendid jewelry owned in the metropolis; but it would be wearisome to name, piece by piece, the gems of even a few of the remaining hundreds of well-known women in New York's most exclusive society. Glancing hastily around the circle, one is forced to recall, nevertheless, such quaint or costly and beautiful bits of bijouterie as Mrs. T. Suffern Tailer's diamond chrysanthemum, sometimes fetchingly worn at her shoulder; Mrs. Belmont Tiffany's point lace fans, one studded with various jewels, the stick of the other bearing her initials set in diamonds; Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt's necklace of one

hundred and seventy diamonds; Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt's diamond-bodied and ruby-eyed serpent that half encircles its owner; Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay's sapphire, the most perfect and beautiful known in the world, and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's chief treasures, her string of pearls, once worn by Marie Antoinette, and an overwhelmingly gorgeous chain of diamonds, seven and a half feet in length, formerly owned by the Empress Catherine of Russia. The pearl jewelry of Mrs. Perry Belmont, formerly Mrs. Henry Sloane, is the most costly and beautiful in America, and the jewels of her niece, Mrs. James Abercrombie Burden, are noted for their splendor and bizarrerie.

New York is not the only city in the Union where scores of women own great quantities of jewels of almost fabulous cost. In Chicago Mrs. Potter Palmer's collection is the most costly. It has often been stated that her famous necklace of two hundred pearls is the most valuable in the world. While this is wide of the truth, an Indian Rajah having one valued at \$1,000,000, Mrs. Palmer's is doubtless among the most magnificent either in this country or in Europe. It consists of five strings in the form of a dog collar, fastened at the back with a diamond clasp.

The most interesting diamonds in Boston belong to Mrs. Thorndike, daughter of the late General W. T. Sherman, and long a favorite



Aime Dupont photo.

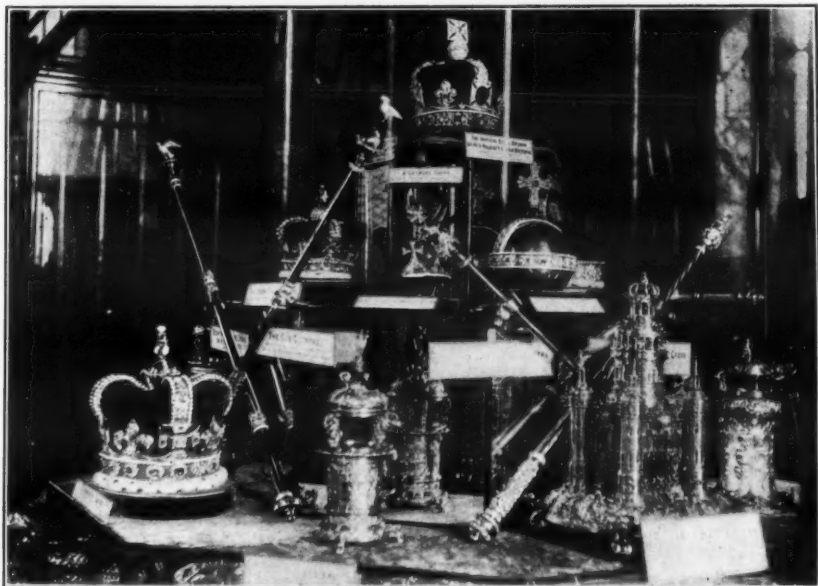
Mrs. Lawrence Van Alen.

in diplomatic society at Washington. The general was greatly admired by the Khedive of Egypt. When Mrs. Thorndike's sister, Minnie Sherman, was married to Lieutenant T. W. Fitch, His Majesty, desirous of expressing his friendship for the old warrior, selected from his treasury diamonds valued at \$200,000, had them set as a necklace, and sent the gorgeous ornament to the bride. But an unfeeling United States Customs department fell upon the wedding gift and held it for a ransom of \$20,000, the amount of the legal ten per cent. duty. Here was a pretty how-d'you-do, for neither the bridegroom nor the general could scrape together the sum demanded. The bride wept, the newspapers gossiped, and the husband grew pale with mortification. But there was naturally a sympathetic feeling on the part of every American woman at the thought of a poverty-stricken bride unable to gaze upon \$200,000 in diamonds that actually belonged to her. A public subscription was started; then the national government became interested, and finally Congress stepped in and, goaded to chivalrous rescue by its wives and daughters, remitted the duty by special enactment.

Can you not imagine the rejoicings of the Fitches and Shermans when the splendid

gems were at last placed on the beautiful neck for which they were intended, and the pride with which their owner allowed them to be placed for safekeeping in the United States Treasury? But you certainly cannot imagine her horror when a great, ugly brute of a tax collector from some Pennsylvania county in which she lived, sauntered in and demanded an annual tax more than equaling the lieutenant's salary for an entire year! That settled it; there was nothing to do but send the white elephant back to the Khedive. Conceive the mental condition of an American woman obliged to give up one-fifth of a million dollars in diamonds! But, if you will believe me, she couldn't get rid of them even in this way. Back they came, by return mail or something of that sort, with a letter from His Egyptian Majesty suggesting that the necklace be taken apart and the diamonds divided among General Sherman's four daughters, delicately insinuating that thus the burden of taxation would not be so heavily felt. And that is how Mrs. Thorndike happens to own one-fourth of them.

It is to be noted that despite such historical associations as the one just narrated, no American family owns an individual gem of world-wide celebrity, such as the "Orloff" diamond or the "Queen" pearl. The Tiffany



The Crown Jewels of England in the Tower.



Her Majesty, Queen Alexandra.

From her latest photograph.

diamond was long the one famous stone of this country. It weighs 125 3-8 carats, and is valued at \$100,000. But this has recently been made insignificant by a marvelous diamond owned by the Messrs. Stern, who were the first to establish the diamond-cutting industry in America. Its weight is 207 3-4 carats, or more than twice that of the great "Koh-i-noor," now valued at \$500,000.

The world's most valuable individual diamonds are seldom worn, but, as has been shown, New York women are rarely seen without many of those they own. For that reason their immense collections are not placed with the down-town safety deposit companies. They keep them in their own residences, not scattered about on dressing-tables or in drawers, to be sure, but behind the giant time-locked doors of great vaults built into the house and having every appearance of those of extensive banking institutions. Here are not only the jewelry and oftentimes large quantities of money, but also the family plate of silver and gold. Such treasures as some of these private

vaults now hold would have staggered the rajahs of the days of Lord Clive.

The greatest precautions, however, often fail of protection. On the night of December 27, 1895, two safes in the New York residence of I. Townsend Burden were rifled and \$60,000 in diamond jewelry stolen. The thieves were not heard and save for the setting of a tiara found in the rear yard they left no trace. For months detectives worked fruitlessly. Twelve useless arrests were made. Two servants, Turner and Dunlop, were also suspected by the police. Dunlop waited as usual on the door at the Burden residence, gave information to the reporters and greatly aided in the work of the detectives. One of the latter entertained the suspected men in evenings of lavish dissipation. They gave no indication of guilt. When the object of their detective host became evident, both were righteously indignant. They had come to this country with recommendations from dukes and earls. Naturally, therefore, Mr. Burden shared their indignation and complained at head-

quarters of the annoyance to which his trusted servants were subjected. But their feelings were unbearably hurt and, despite Mr. Burden's entreaties, they resigned and sailed for England, broken-hearted at the mere breath of suspicion. Nothing was heard of these humble but sensitive and high-souled young men until one day, when the Burden robbery had become a hopeless mystery, they walked into Streeter's, the London jewelers, and offered the diamonds for sale. They were asked to return later, did so, were cordially welcomed by the police, and are now serving sentences of nine years each. All the jewelry was recovered except \$10,000 worth. This the thieves insinuated the detectives had taken. Mr. Burden paid \$10,000 in rewards, yet after the capture he was sued by innumerable people, including the jewelers, the detectives, and one of his kitchen maids. She had been arrested because a fellow servant said she had boasted that Dunlop had given her the jewels and that these she had secreted in a ham. Her feelings, too, were hurt, and she sued for \$50,000 for false imprisonment.

The complete splendor of such jewels as those stolen from the Burdens is revealed only on the rare occasions of fancy dress balls. These occur once in a decade or so; indeed, there have been but two that will hold for all time a place in New York's social history—that given in 1883, at her residence at Fifty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, by Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, now Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, and the one given by Mrs. Bradley-Martin fourteen years later at the Waldorf. The latter gorgeous and spectacular function was so denounced from the pulpit for its display of riches and extravagance—several clerical gentlemen even terming it an incentive to anarchy—that probably it will be many a day before we shall again have the Four Hundred arrayed in such purple and fine linen.

Fine linen, did I say? Why, the Field of the Cloth of Gold, arranged by that pauper, Francis the First, should be stricken in shame from the annals of France. On such occasions as these many women, viewed from the front, appear to be solidly armored in diamonds or pearls; others, as Joan of Arc, are clothed with cuirass, helmet and gauntlets of solid silver; still others, at a loss for novelty, jingle with coverings of gold coins; heavy bands of gold wind around waists and wrists, and twine about bare arms from wrist to shoulder; jeweled lyre birds, pheas-

ants and peacocks gleam gorgeously in many coiffures; gowns are embroidered almost to the hips with a dazzling glitter of all known precious stones; giant girdles and great ropes of diamonds and priceless pearls are tossed about in the movement of the dance; diamonds and pearls glittering everywhere, at throat, on the buckles of dainty shoes, covering sleeves in a perfect network, tipping the thousand-stringed fringe of a scarf; while a hundred women wear, not unbecomingly, crowns of diamonds that only one European empress might not envy—\$20,000,000 in precious stones brought together on a single evening to make blinding the beauty of these queens of American society.

You think the amount exaggerated? Mrs. John Jacob Astor, third, frequently wore \$750,000 worth of jewels at an ordinary reception, and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt fully \$50,000 at a mere garden party. Pearl necklaces alone worth from \$70,000 to \$100,000 are not uncommon, one that cost \$320,000 being occasionally seen, and more than one woman has \$1,000,000 in gems from which to choose. Let me tabulate the value of the jewelry owned by comparatively a small number of New York's society women:

Mrs. William Astor.....	\$1,500,000
" John Jacob Astor.....	1,000,000
" Cornelius Vanderbilt, Sr....	1,000,000
" William K. Vanderbilt, Jr..	1,000,000
" O. H. P. Belmont.....	1,000,000
" John W. Mackay.....	1,000,000
" Bradley-Martin.....	850,000
" Perry Belmont.....	800,000
" Herman Oelrichs.....	800,000
" Orme Wilson.....	800,000
" Ogden Goelet.....	800,000
" Clarence H. Mackay.....	750,000
" Levi P. Morton.....	750,000
" Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt.	750,000
" James A. Burden.....	750,000
" William Starr Miller.....	700,000
" Frederick Vanderbilt.....	650,000
" George Vanderbilt.....	600,000
" W. Seward Webb.....	550,000
" William D. Sloane.....	550,000
" Elliot F. Shepard.....	500,000
" Harry Payne Whitney.....	500,000
" George Jay Gould.....	500,000
" Charles M. Oelrichs.....	500,000
" Philip Rhinelander.....	500,000
" Charles T. Yerkes.....	500,000
" H. McKay Twombly.....	500,000
" Stuyvesant Fish.....	500,000
" Ernesto Fabbrì.....	300,000
" David Hennen Morris.....	300,000
" Edwin Gould.....	300,000
" Oliver Harriman, Jr.....	300,000
" Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr....	250,000
" John D. Rockefeller, Jr.....	200,000

\$22,250,000

Here are the names of only thirty-four women, chosen almost at random, whose precious stones and jewelry are valued at \$22,250,000. It can easily be shown that the figures are not unreasonable. The average annual importation of precious stones into the United States has for a long time been about \$15,000,000. Thus during only the past ten years we have received \$150,000,000 in gems. Mr. Leopold Stern, the diamond importer, informed me that of this amount one-half is held by dealers throughout the country, and that of the remainder fully two-thirds have been sold to families and individuals in New York. This means that in the past ten years New Yorkers have bought \$50,000,000 worth of precious stones, this sum not including the cost of their setting. Mr. George F. Kunz, the gem expert of the Tiffany Company, says that in the entire country the diamonds alone are valued at \$500,000,000, and that of this amount \$170,000,000 worth are owned in New York.

I do not believe that the average citizen has the faintest idea of the opulence and power of the multi-millionaires of his own land. The names of kings and queens have still so awesome a sound in his ears that he does not realize how petty is the pomp of European princes; how little of splendor there is in the palaces of many a sovereign when compared with certain New York mansions or the cottages of Newport; or how the opened jewel vaults of a score of Americans show riches that thrust into nothingness all boyhood's dreams of the Arabian Nights. Yet all this is true.

Some unthinking people, finding it difficult to make both ends meet, and more than one editor, catering to the discontented, term our crowned heads of society useless, wasteful and wicked. There are thousands

of toiling miners in South Africa, scores of New York dressmakers, and hundreds of servants, hack drivers, and other humble workers, that think otherwise. Even Mrs. Bradley-Martin, although she has shaken for good and all the dust of these shores from her feet, purposely delayed the invitations to her ball in order that there might not be sufficient time for her guests to have their costumes made abroad. No doubt, on the morning after the ball, the scrub women picked up a dustpan or two of diamonds, and if so the affair was worth all it cost—providing the scrub women kept the diamonds.

Probably the old-time Bourbons were a bad lot, oppressing the people beyond endurance, but some of the women behind the throne scattered money with a free hand. Perhaps the men at the head of our trusts are

heartlessly grasping and cruel; all the more, then, should we be glad if jewels bring happiness to their wives and daughters, for happiness is woman's birthright, out of which, even amid riches, she is too frequently cheated. I do not think we can spare our multi-millionaires or our diamond-crowned women. The tradespeople of Versailles are a mournful crowd now that courts and kings have faded away and not a single belle marquise or dainty duchess visits its deserted shops.



Aime Dupont photo.

Mrs. Harry Lehr.

THE SPREAD EAGLES

A STORY OF THE HIGH SEAS

By COLIN McKAY

"Six days shalt thou labor as hard as thou art able, And on the seventh, holystone the decks and scrape the cable.—*The Philadelphia Catechism.*"

IN the down east sailing ships there used to be a good deal of brutality, but it was generally all square and above-board. If the after-guards used belaying pins, they did not claim a monopoly in the business, and they never used brass knuckles or bulldozed the crew with shooting irons.

When the bucko mates from the New York or Philadelphia hell-ships got berths in a down easter and tried to introduce their dirty work they were brought up with a round turn. At Paddy West's boarding-house old shellbacks yarned about the down east, "hard packet," "the wild boat"—the hot craft and the "slaughter ship"—but you never heard of a "hell-ship" hailing from a port east of Cape Ann. Only once was the queer bird seen on a down easter, and I'll tell you the yarn.

It was on the *Halcyon*, a large, full-rigger, belonging to Bath, Maine. When she made fast alongside the docks of fever-harried Santos, every mother's son aboard from captain to cabin boy hailed from down east. But when she was ready for sea again, a Philadelphia skipper had to be put aboard to take her home. He shipped a notorious Baltimore bucko for mate, and a turbulent young down easter, known as The Jarl among down east seafaring men, for second, and replaced the men carried off by yellow-jack with blue-nose lads.

As soon as the *Halcyon* crumbled blue water under her forefoot, the skipper and mate started in to haze the crew. They were holy terrors—bully boys—and no mistake. They did not use their fists like honest men, but laid about them with handspikes and iron belaying pins. They tried to dragoon the second into line, but he would not lift a finger against one of the crew. The skipper would inform him twenty times a day that the only way to make shellbacks stand around was to knock them down; the mate would insinuate that he was afraid to row the crew; but the Jarl put up with their

badgering with the meekness of a lamb. The Jarl's conduct puzzled us greatly. In other ships he had used his fists night and day, and thought nothing of walking through a whole watch, though, like most down east officers, he drew the line at dirty work. And now he not only kept his hands off the men, but he put up with the slurs and insults of the old man and the mate. It was not like the Jarl at all. If there was anything his wild viking spirit delighted in, it was a rough-and-tumble fight with a skipper or mate. Often we had seen him go out of his way to pick a quarrel with his superiors—often we had seen him knock down a skipper on his own quarter-deck—but now he was letting those buckoes ride over him rough-shod.

"Wait a while," said Sydney Sam. "The Jarl always balances his books. He'll break loose some of these fine days, and settle up his scores with those buckoes. Ay, he'll pay them back in his own way, and in his own good time."

Sunday morning dawned fair and calm. The ship was rolling lazily over league-long, glassy swells. The sun rose resplendent from its bed of gold, brushing aside the curtains of amber, rose and sapphire that hung along the eastern horizon, and burnishing the bosom of the deep. The second, having the early morning watch, hurried through the washing-down and brass-cleaning, and then let his watch rest.

At eight bells the mate came up and gave the second hail-columbia for not starting to holystone the decks.

"I never holystoned decks on Sunday myself, and I don't intend to ask my watch to do so," the Jarl answered shortly and went below.

The mate, baffled and maddened by the second's contemptuous indifference, turned on Sydney Sam, who had just relieved the wheel.

"Here, you bald-headed owl, don't stand staring there. The wheel can look after itself now. Get forward with you and tell the watch to get the holystones and sand

out of the starboard locker and come aft and start on the poop."

Now, Sydney, having been left after a siege of yellow-jack with a scalp as bald and shiny as a door knob, did not relish reference to his ludicrous appearance, and so, without deigning to answer the mate, he started slowly forward. The mate, glad of the opportunity of bullying some one, was after him in a second, kicking him lustily.

"Answer me when I speak to you, you lubber," he roared. "Get a move on you now. I'm not going to allow any slouching in my watch."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Sydney, getting a move on him.

In a few minutes the watch came aft with empty hands.

"Mr. Ryer," said Sam, who had been appointed spokesman, "we never holystoned decks on Sunday in the *Halcyon* before, and we don't want to now, sir."

"Well, by thunder, this beats me," roared the mate. "Get those stones and get to work or I'll slaughter you. Who cares what you didn't do before. I'm mate now, and I don't want any blasted impudence. Get a——"

"Holystone the decks yourself," broke in Sydney. "We won't for any bucko afloat, see!"

The mate seized a handspike, but the skipper bade him forbear.

"Keep cool, Mr. Ryer. I'll deal with these men. . . . Sydney Sam, go to the wheel. Men, if you are not to work inside on an hour I'll show you how Silas P. Spinney puts down mutiny. Mr. R., you keep your hands off them."

The old man went below, but at two bells promptly he was again on deck. The men were lounging defiantly forward, but he did not seem to notice them. After taking a look all round the horizon, he turned to the mate.

"Clew up fore and main royals and t'gal-lantsails, and furl them."

When the watch were on the yards, the skipper and mate suddenly seized Sydney Sam and dragged him along to the mizzen shrouds. He kicked and struggled, but he was weak from the fever.

Realizing the intention of his captors, he raised his voice.

"Ho, shipmates! they're going to make a spread-eagle out of me. Help, help——"

The men looked down, stupefied, for one long moment, and then, with mutterings of wrath, hastily began to descend.

"Stay up there and stow those sails!" yelled the skipper, fiercely, but the men gave no heed.

The old man had a great contempt for shellbacks, but he felt those down easters had more spirit than the general run. So, leaving Sydney to the mate, he jumped below, and just as the men struck the deck was up again with a brace of shooting-irons in his hands.

"Get forward or I'll plug you," he ordered.

The men went forward, routed out the second's watch, and began to discuss ways and means of saving Sydney Sam from the bitter disgrace of a flogging, tied up like a dog. But they were men of little resource. And the Jarl, the respecter of sailors' rights and hater of dirty work, was asleep in his bunk. If he would wake up and come on deck—— Well, he had fought the battles of shellbacks before, he was equal to any sort of emergency and would find a way to get round the skipper's revolvers.

In the meantime the captain and mate lashed Sydney Sam to the mizzen rigging, spread-eagle fashion.

"I'll teach you to flout my officers, d—— you. I'll show you how I deal with mutineers, by——" the old man roared. . . .

"Think I'm going to let discipline go to the devil aboard my ship, do you. I'll let you know what kind of a man Silas P. Spinney is. I'm just as tough a man as ever sailed the high seas!"

"If you stripe me I'll kill you," swore Sydney Sam, turning yellow with the horror and shame of the thing. "I'll kill you some day—so help me! I don't care if I hang for it."

"Belay your gab!" ordered the mate as he took his knife and slit Sydney's shirt down the back.

The old man, frothing at the mouth, seized a tar-hardened rope's end and approached the helpless man.

"Won't work, hey? By ——, I'll teach you," he foamed, working himself into a frenzy.

And then he whirled the rope viciously about his head, and ——

Suddenly a long, lithe figure, with flying shirt tails and bare legs, leaped up the forward companionway of the cabin, and springing like a panther at the skipper, knocked him over the break of the poop, down into the waist, heels over head. And then, before the mate could move to defend himself, the wild apparition had turned on him, and with

one terrific blow, sent him to the deck like a stricken ox.

The Jarl picked up the captain's pistols from the fife-rail, and leaned quietly against the spanker boom. The men forward, seeing that the grim champion of down east customs, had spoiled the buckoes' little game, set up a joyous shout, and started aft on the run. In a moment they would have wreaked vengeance on the prostrate bullies, but the Jarl stopped them.

"Hold on, boys! Leave 'em alone. . . . Here you, McLean, jump up and cut Sydney down."

They were rather dazed, those buckoes, when they got to their feet.

"What do you mean by this outrage?" shrieked the old man at length. "It's rank mutiny. I'll have you hung, every mother's son of—"

"Now, skipper, no guff," broke in the imperturbable Jarl. "You ain't aboard one of your Philadelphia or New York hookers. No, sir! your dirty tricks won't go here, see. . . . Stand away there, Mr. Mate; these pistols might go off, you know. . . . Ah, now, don't grumble, or I'll have to teach you manners." Suddenly the Jarl's eyes gleamed with a humorous light. And then he said, urbane.

"Mr. Ryer, please reach up to that swifter, hands apart, like a good fellow. Hurry up, do you hear?"

The Jarl was looking wickedly along a pistol barrel, and the mate obeyed perforce.

"Now, skipper, please put the seizings round his thumbs."

"What? What do you mean? Give me my pistols, and get below. I'll put you in irons for interfering—"

"Don't waste your breath, old man," said the Jarl, dryly. "I'm master now. Would you like to get at him, boys?"

The men surged toward him menacingly, and he jumped back.

"Hold on, boys!" laughed the Jarl. "I guess he'll oblige us."

The old man, muttering angrily, lashed the mate to the swifter by his thumbs.

"Now, Sydney, seeing as the mate spoils your shirt, you may return the compliment."

The mate shivered as the sheath-knife ran down his spine.

"Come, skipper, please try that rope's end again," commanded the Jarl. "No bluff, old man. Hurry up, or, so help me—"

The Jarl's eyes contracted cruelly, ominously. The skipper was a bully and a bold

man, to boot, but the Jarl was a determined and dangerous-looking customer.

Suddenly the old man picked up the rope's end and struck the mate across the bare back.

"Harder, captain," ordered the Jarl. "Don't be afraid of hurting him."

The old man laid on vigorously. The mate cursed and prayed for mercy, alternately, but not until his back was streaked with great blue welts and bleeding and raw here and there, did the Jarl allow him to be cut down.

"Now, skipper, it's your turn" said the Jarl, coolly.

"Man, you don't dare."

"Get in position for punishment," thundered the second. "I dare anything."

Speechless with helpless rage and fear, the old man slowly spread out his arms.

"Mr. Ryer, I appoint you master of ceremonies."

It is useless gainsaying the commands of a man with a brace of shooting-irons, especially on the high seas, when that man has the crew behind him.

The mate, smarting with pain, put the seizings on the skipper's thumbs, and grabbed the hard, heavy rope's end with alacrity. And didn't he lay it over that skipper's back! It was the only way he could get satisfaction, and he took advantage of it with a vengeance. At the fifteenth lash the Jarl cried hold, but he wanted to repeat the dose. The men roared with grim delight. It was a beautiful turning of the tables; a splendid revenge for the indignity they had proposed to inflict on Sydney Sam. The Jarl was a humorous man, though his jokes might only be appreciated by a Scotchman or down east shellback.

When we cut the old man down the Jarl said:

"Now, skipper, I hope you won't try any more of your dirty tricks in a down east craft."

"I'll kill you—I'll have you hanged," stormed the old man. "'Spose I kill you first," sneered the Jarl, bringing a pistol close to the skipper's heart. The old man drew back hastily. "Say your prayers," thundered the Jarl, following him.

"Man, you wouldn't kill me. You're mad. Think of the consequences."

"I'm going to fire," said the Jarl in an awful voice.

"For God's sake——"

Bang!

The old man, clasping his hands to his heart, fell to the deck.

Bang! bang! bang! The Jarl emptied a pistol into the writhing, prostrate form.

Uttering a cry of horror, the mate fled aft, and the Jarl, turning, blazed away at him with the other pistol, till he dropped behind the house.

Then the Jarl threw both revolvers overboard and started to dance a hornpipe on the quarterdeck. He looked like a maniac, with his flying shirt tail, and the crew, frightened out of their wits, ran forward and hid behind the fo'castle.

Stopping his dance, he yelled, "Lay aft, you fools, what ails you?"

The men came aft sheepishly enough. They had never dreamed the Jarl could go such lengths—to murder men in cold blood. It was cowardly, horrible.

"Come here and pitch the bully overboard!"

The men stood stock-still, glaring angrily and fearfully. Suddenly the Jarl turned on the prostrate skipper, kicked him viciously in the ribs, and, grinning from ear to ear, howled:

"Get up, you blooming idiot. Paper wads don't kill. The other day I saw your guns in the cabin, and for fear you might be trying to hurt some one with them, I took out the bullets and put in paper wads. Get up—you're more frightened than hurt."

The men, greatly relieved, burst into a roaring laugh. It was just like the Jarl's tricks.

The skipper, choking with rage and chagrin, got to his feet. When he found his voice, he growled:

"I'll make you suffer for this—wait till we get to port. I'll give you twenty years."

"What for? What have I done?" queried the Jarl, innocently. "The mate rope's ended you, old man. Not me. Oh, Lord, I'd like to see you telling a jury in a down

east seaport how you striped the mate, and then let the mate lash you at a leadless pistol point. Wouldn't they laugh at you?"

Then the Jarl set his face hard and shook his big fist under the skipper's nose.

"See here, captain, it isn't the custom of down east seafaring folk to appeal to any blasted land-laws. No, sir, we settle our differences on the high seas. If you've anything against me, I'll fight you to your heart's content."

But the skipper did not want to fight.

"Where is the mate? Ho, there, show yourself, my bucko."

Slowly and sheepishly the mate rose from behind the house.

"If you have any grievance against me, Mr. Ryer, I'm ready to fight you, now, or any time you choose," challenged the Jarl.

The mate shook his head.

"Ah, nothing, hey? Well and good. You have been a little too flip with me, but I reckon we can let it pass. Hope you and the captain won't quarrel no more; it's disgraceful the way you've been going for each other. Well, I guess I'll go below and put on my pants."

The *Halcyon* was as easy as an English lime-juicer the rest of the trip. When we got to Bath the boys told the yarn, and those buckoes finding themselves the laughing-stock of the water front, lit out for New York.

And that is the story of how the queer bird made its appearance—of how the turbulent young Jarl upheld the honor of the down east sailing ships, and taught the buckoes from the hell-ships to respect the down east catechism. "Six days shalt thou slavey, round the decks and on the yard. But on the seventh, wash your face and walk through the afterguard."

EXPIATION

By CHARLOTTE BECKER

One sought to turn from Pain's embrace,
And hunted Pleasure down the years.
Yet when at last he saw her face,
She only smiled at him through tears.

The Fortunes of Lal Faversham

Rafael Sabatini



IV THE CHANCELLOR'S DAUGHTER

LONDON wore still a festive air. Men rejoiced and drank deep, and "the King" was their toast. In the great banqueting house his majesty was touching for the King's Evil, and on every hand abounded evidences of his glorious Restoration, and of the love, loyalty and joy wherewith it was attended.

For nine long years had I possessed my soul in patience, waiting in exile for such a time as this, yet now that it was come for me at least it was come too late.

Beset by a grief so poignant that methought I must die of it, sat I in my chamber overlooking King Street. The heart in my breast seemed paralyzed and frozen, and in my hands I held a letter, a ring and a lock of hair.

My Margaret was dead that letter told me. A last pitiable farewell it was from the sweet mistress who for nine years had awaited my return and the Restoration that should mend my fortunes. The ring was one that long ago I had sent to her from France. The lock of hair was cut from her beloved head in the last hour of life.

Loyal and true to her had I been through that long exile. Jubilantly had I set foot again with Charles upon English soil—my troubles done, methought, and Margaret to be mine at last. And then but a week or so thereafter, when on the point of setting out for Scotland to claim the reward of my long waiting, the inexorable fates had smitten me this cruel blow.

For days I moped and kept my chamber; and during those days the first threads of white crept in among my sable locks.

Of the season that followed—when again I sought the company of men—I think with loathing. Headlong I plunged into the wildest excesses of that licentious court.

And thus time and debauchery assuaged my pains, or rather was it that my heart grew numb, and the blood in my veins was

turned to gall, for this I know—that when I had ceased to mourn I had also ceased to care for aught that life could give, enduring it with bitter mockery and mimicked mirth.

Yet for all my callousness, it was not without a pang that I heard from the King, one morning, the proposal that I should wed.

"Your follies, Lal, transcend all bounds," said he, "and we must curb them with the silken bonds of matrimony."

"Sire, I beseech you——" I began.

"There is no cause for that. Already I have thought to your circumstances, and I have found a wife for you. She is not ill-favored, and much courted, a maid of honor to my sister, and what she may lack in beauty she makes up for in endowments."

"But, sire——"

"Have patience, Lal," he laughed, "and you shall learn her name." He took my arm affectionately and drew me into the embrasure of a window that overlooked the river. "Now, sir, what say you to my Lord Chancellor's daughter—Miss Hyde?"

I slowly shook my head.

"Sire, I do not wish to wed."

"Oddsfish," he answered, petulantly, "but I wish it. The estate that was your father's is so divided that I am loath to wrest it from so many hands. Money you see yourself how scarce it is, and by what parasites I am beset. Appointments beyond the paltry one you hold are mine to give, 'tis true, but they are troublesome and would in a measure shackle you. But a wife, a wife that shall bring you a fortune I can give you, and with her a title that shall live in history."

"Sire, sire," I cried, "your goodness overwhelms me. But I seek no guerdon for my poor services. I want no wife, and as for title, the knighthood your majesty hath conferred upon me is the fittest title for a soldier."

But Charles, knowing nothing of the sorrow that had of late been mine, grew angry at my reluctance.

"Zounds, Sir Lionel!" he exclaimed, a scowl upon his dark face. "You try my patience. Is aught amiss with the lady, or is there some other one whom you prefer?"

"Neither, sire. Yet, an' it please your majesty, I will not wed."

"But it doth not please me," was the testy answer, and I marveled that he should insist thus hotly. "There is no reason in this obstinacy, Sir Lionel. Come, you will think of it at least?"

"I will think of it since you bid me, sire."

"Words, words!" he returned, the frown gathering again. "Let me see you no more until your mind is shaped to my desires—until such a season you are excused your duties near me."

He left me with those words, which plainly told me that I could either wed Anne Hyde or take myself away from Whitehall. Of such a quality is kingly justice and royal gratitude!

For a day or two I pondered o'er the matter, keeping it a secret not even shared with Roger Marston—of the Duke of York's household—whom during our exile in France I had grown to love as a brother. The King's petulance and insistence were matter for no little wonder in me, albeit to-day I understand this clearly enough.

In the end I determined that sooner than again become a wanderer I would fulfill his wishes. I sought an audience, and told him of my decision, whereat he appeared vastly overjoyed, and bade me set about my wooing.

That very day I came by chance upon Mistress Hyde in the Privy Gardens. A tall, queenly woman was she, not perchance beautiful, yet with an eye and air that were capable of much. I greeted her courteously and was received with a coldness that argued she already knew me for her suitor. Awhile I paced beside her, and talked of this and that, stupidly enough in all conscience, until at length she stopped in her walk to face me with the question:

"Sir Lionel, know you no better art of wooing than this?"

"I see, madam, that you are informed of the honor to which I aspire," I answered, clumsily.

"Aye, sir, and to which you will aspire in vain."

"Madame," I blurted out, "you relieve me vastly."

She had little looked for such words as those from me, and her glance of astonishment—almost of dismay—was a thing I could have laughed at.

"I do not apprehend you, Sir Lionel," said she at length. "But it signifies little. I have been told to look for your addresses, and that you had gained the King's consent to woo me. I will be frank and save you trouble, sir, by telling you that I love another—as good and noble," she added, viciously, "as you are dissolute."

"Mistress Anne, I am rejoiced to hear it," I answered, bowing with a touch of mockery. "Do but grant me leave to carry your words to his majesty or do yourself tell him that which you have just told me, and believe me that Lal Faversham will ever after be your grateful friend."

She stared askance at me.

"I do not understand," she confessed.

"Why, madame, great though the honor be, I do not wish to marry you save inasmuch as I wish to obey his majesty at whose bidding am I come a-wooing. But I can now say to him: Mistress Hyde will have none of me, she loves another—and thus the matter ends. Give you good-day, madame. I go to the King."

And with a sweeping bow, I turned on my heel. But ere I had taken three paces she had called me back.

"Sir Lionel, you must not leave me thus."

"So that I leave you, madame, what signifies the manner of my going?"

"'Twere injudicious to tell his majesty what hath passed betwixt us."

"Shall I then say to him that Mistress Hyde hath met me with open arms—I speak in metaphors—and is bent upon marrying me out of hand?"

"Have done, sir!" cried she, in a pet. "You may tell his majesty that your suit prospers none too well, but that you have hope."

"You give me hope? Madame, 'tis to plunge me into despair."

She echoed my laugh, but without mirth, and her glance was not nice, which, after all, is not strange, for albeit a woman loves you not and tells you so, 'tis in her eyes no cause why you should not pine for love of her.

Thus we parted—she to resume her walk, I to carry her lie to the King. It gave him pleasure, and ere three days were sped it

was noised about the Court that Lal Faver-sham wooed the Lord Chancellor's daughter, and that his majesty looked favorably upon the business. On every hand, men spoke to me of it; some openly, and some by hints, till presently I grew sick to death of the very name of Hyde. Nor were matters rendered more auspicious by a cold and formal interview with my Lord Chancellor at Worcester House, where each of us hinted that we did but pursue the wishes of our royal master—he in countenancing, and I in wooing. We parted coldly, with a suggestion from him that I should carry a loose sword in my scabbard, since my suit was like to beget me enemies.

The like counsel I got next day from the Duke of York, who accompanied it by a glance so baleful and a smile so sour upon his priestly face, that had he not been the King's brother 'tis odds I should have taken a turn in the park with him from which but one of us would have come back. It is scant cause for wonder that I began to ask myself whether my old swashbuckler's trade were not better than a courtier's, and whether perchance it might not be well to slip away to France or some other country where a poor soldier of fortune whose life was soured, and who had done with love, might live by his sword without being plagued with marriages.

One night—a week perchance after the day when first I had presented myself to Mistress Hyde—I sat alone in my lodging at Whitehall, when I was visited by Roger Marston. He was just returned from Devonshire, and the sight of him gave me no little pleasure, for I had grown to dearly love the merry-hearted knave.

'Twas a hot night of early July, and I sat taking the air at my window when he entered. I had not called for lights so that I missed the expression of his face, but his tone warned me that something was amiss, for instead of its wonted merry note, it rang harsh and petulant. Scarce had he greeted me when:

"What's this I hear, Lal, of your betrothal with Mistress Hyde?" he asked.

"May the devil tan every Hyde that ever bore the name!" I burst out. "I can't take a step or draw a breath without hearing it. 'Tis Hyde, Hyde, Hyde, until I wish perdition had them all. And here are you, Roger, not five minutes in my chamber, with the dust of Devonshire still on your boots, already plaguing me with this odious busi-

ness. If you love me, Roger, you'll talk of something else."

"Zounds, what an outburst!" he laughed, and methought there was a note of relief in his voice. "It is not true, then."

"Yes, crush me, but it is. True as perdition, and that's the rub! I am bidden by the King to marry Mistress Hyde, or get me out of Whitehall. A week ago I cared not a fig for Mistress Hyde, to-day I hate her as much as I hated the Kirk Commission in the old days."

"And she?" he asked, eagerly.

"Oh, she—she loves another. A man as good and noble as I am dissolute—those are her very words."

"She loves another! Oh, Lal, tell me all."

"Blood and wounds, sir," I gasped, "are you the other one? Oddslife, I should ne'er have guessed it from her description of you."

I told him all that had passed, and albeit it relieved him to find that he had not in me a rival whom the lady favored, yet was he sorely troubled by the King's attitude.

"I care not if it blight my fortunes, Lal," he cried, impetuously, "but Mistress Hyde I'll strive for though a dozen kings oppose me!"

"How stand you with the lady, Roger?"

"She has been ever kind, and if Heaven wills that what she said to you touching another whom she loves hath reference to me, I should find a way of setting the royal nose of King Charles out of joint."

I called for lights, and far into the night we sat talking of Anne Hyde.

Before many days were passed he had given the whole Court cause to talk of her, coupling her name with his, and mine, whose rival he was thought to have become. Truly, things shaped a pretty course. As for the lady herself, 'twere difficult to say which of us she used better. Alike agreeable she was to both, with the result that Roger's bearing towards me grew daily colder as though he suspected that I had deceived him.

The King spoke of the matter to me, and bade me look to my laurels. I answered him with a laugh, that my mind was easy, since Mistress Hyde and I understood each other perfectly—which was in all conscience true enough.

That evening had a surprise in store for me. I had left the King's apartments and was going by way of the Privy Gardens to my lodging, when of a sudden a woman's cry greeted me from the opposite end of

the Stone Gallery upon which I had just entered. It was followed by a quick patter of feet, and the rustle of a gown, and a moment later a lady was in my arms, in a state of monstrous agitation. It was Mistress Hyde.

"Sir Lionel," she cried, recognizing me

"Doth a gentleman of my household speak to me of presumption?"

For a moment Roger's face wore an odd look that made me tremble for him. Then mastering himself betimes he bowed.

"Your royal highness sees perchance something of my condition," he said, in a



"Sir Lionel, know you no better art of wooing than this?"

and clinging to me for protection. "Mr. Marston hath taken leave of his senses."

Not five paces away stood Roger, who had followed her—his young face flushed and angry.

"If I have gone mad, madame, the fault is yours," he cried, passionately. "Am I a toy or a buffoon that you should use me so? Aye, cling to your protector—to your lover," he added, anger blinding him to all sense of fitness and to all reason. "Cling to your lover, madame, and laugh together at the poor fool you have made a mock of. But there is a proverb touching him who laughs last. As God lives, madame, I will have a reckoning, and if you find the payment heavy, Mistress Hyde, remember that heavy also is the debt."

"Who dares to threaten Mistress Hyde?" came a loud voice behind us.

"Who presumes to ask Roger Marston what he dare?" was the lad's proud answer, and he boldly eyed the three men who came up, for all that I doubt not he had recognized the voice of the Duke of York.

low voice that still shook with passion. "At another time, if you will permit me, I will explain."

"That explanation, sir, I shall demand to-morrow," was the cold rejoinder. "Mistress Hyde, permit me to reconduct you."

He moved away with her, followed at a respectful distance by the two gentlemen who attended him, leaving me standing there, not a little puzzled that the honor of escorting Mistress Hyde should not have fallen to her affianced husband. At length I made shift to follow them, but before I had gone two paces Roger was at my elbow.

"A word with you, sir," he exclaimed, so loud that the duke's attendants heard him and paused to listen.

"Not now, Roger," I answered, calmly. "We have an audience. In an hour's time at the Horseshoe in Drury Lane."

"As you please," he assented curtly, and we went our ways.

It was striking nine as my chair was set down at the door of the Horseshoe tavern, and I alighted. I called for a cup of canary

and inquired of the landlord whether Mr. Marston had arrived. He informed me in answer that Roger had come to the hostelry half an hour ago, but that soon after his arrival a boy had brought him a letter upon reading which he had again gone forth. I stayed awhile in the house, then, seeing that Roger came not, and having dismissed my chair, I set out to walk back to Whitehall. The evening was a fine one, and I strolled slowly along, so that it was after ten before I had regained my apartments.

Next morning Killegrew was regaling the Court with a monstrous story touching Anne Hyde and Roger Marston. The gallant Roger, mad with love, had sought, he had it, to snatch a kiss from Mistress Hyde in the Privy Gardens, whereupon she had flown to the arms of Lal Faversham, and Faversham had not only protected his betrothed, but, athirst for vengeance, he had spent the night hunting in London for the man who had offended her. 'Twas a vile fabrication from end to end, rendered amusing by Killegrew's lively wit and unscrupulous tongue, and I let it pass unchallenged, little dreaming of the consequences it was like to have for me.

The Duke of York asked me if I knew aught of Roger's whereabouts, to which I naturally replied that I did not, I had not seen him since we parted in the Stone Gallery the night before.

Later in the day there were strange rumors afloat. Roger Marston, it was said, had disappeared. And when presently I learned that his hat and cloak and broken sword had been found on Tower Wharf, I was filled with vague uneasiness.

It was not until the morrow, however, that this uneasiness of mine had cause to take a definite shape. I was in attendance upon his majesty in the banquetting house during the morning, when the Lord Chancellor entered and approached the King. They stood apart in conversation for some moments, and I observed that Hyde handed something to Charles which the latter examined closely. He returned to my side presently, and stood chatting easily with me for some moments, then dismissed me. But as I was on the point of leaving the apartment he called me back and pointed to a handkerchief that lay upon the floor.

"You have dropped something, Lal."

I turned, and retracing my steps lifted the kerchief, on a corner of which was embroidered the Faversham eagle. Thanking him, I pocketed it, wondering abstractedly

that it was so curiously soiled, and again I made shift to go. But again he called me back—this time in a cold, imperious voice.

"Sir Lionel."

"Sire?"

"You are certain that that kerchief belongs to you?"

I pulled it forth again, and again I examined it—unquestionably the thing was mine. I told him so, asking myself what cause there might be for so much ado about a piece of cambric.

"Know you where you let it fall?" he asked, severely.

"Why even now, sire, upon this very floor."

"Not so, Sir Lionel. 'Twas I who cast it there. It was brought me awhile ago by my Lord Chancellor. It was found where the pieces of Roger Maston's sword were found—on Thames Wharf. How came it there, sir? Unriddle me that."

I looked askance from him to those about him, and that frown of his reflected upon every face, turned me cold with apprehension. I guessed the things that was in their minds.

"Oh, sire!" I cried. "You do not accuse me of this?"

"Of what, sir? I have accused you of nothing. 'Tis your conscience and that kerchief that accuse you. Sir George," he added, turning to Etheredge, "be good enough to call the guard."

"But your majesty——"

He silenced me by a lofty wave of the hand.

"Anon the matter shall be sifted. In the meantime, Sir Lionel, you shall remain a prisoner in your own apartments."

They that have a king for friend lack not for enemies, and the downfall of Lal Faversham was cause, I doubt not, for more joy than sorrow.

Clearly, I saw that whether Roger were dead or living I was the victim of some foul plot whose depth and purport I could not measure. I had been heard make an assignation with Roger Marston on the night of the scene with Mistress Hyde. It was known that I had sought him and there were none to prove that I had not found him. I ventured upon a score of speculations, but upon none that gave the business a plausible solution.

In my chamber I was left alone, a sentry at my door night and day, and another beneath my windows in King Street. Communication of any kind was interdicted, and

I saw no one until towards the evening of the third day, when I was visited by Dick Talbot. He came from the King to tell me that his majesty would himself look into the affair upon the following morning. Dick Talbot was my friend—one of those who had shared my exile. I swore to him by my honor that I was innocent and ignorant alike of Roger Marston's fate, and he believed me. He cheered me with the news that after all his majesty was favorably disposed towards me, and with a parting word of encouragement he would have left me when of a sudden we were startled by a noisy altercation outside my door.

Some one remonstrated with the sentry, demanding admittance, and the loud, angry voice made my nerves tingle with excitement.

"Dick," I cried, "'tis Roger Marston's voice!"

In a bound, Talbot had crossed and bidden the sentry stand aside; a second later the man of whose murder I was accused appeared in the doorway. He came hatless and disheveled; his face was white and haggard, and there was a bruise over his right eye, his clothes were soiled and disordered, and in the shoulder of his Camlett coat gaped a great rent. Still he it was, and with a shout of joy and relief I sprang to greet him. But he met my gladness coldly and with a scowl.

"Back, you hound—you hypocrite!" he thundered.

"Are you mad, Roger?" I gasped, and to such a cause indeed I assigned for the moment his disordered looks.

"Mad?" he echoed, with a contemptuous laugh. "No, no, I am sane enough, friend Lionel."

"Then why greet me in this fashion—me who am accused of your murder, and lying here under arrest for it?"

"And fitly so, for, crush me, 'tis no fault of yours that I am not murdered; though, perchance, it had been better for you had your assassins done their work outright."

"My assassins? I swear by my honor, Roger, that I know not to what you allude."

"Oddslife, will you deny that you sent me a letter to the Horse-

shoe, bidding me come to you at the Red Lion in Thames Street? Dare you deny that at Tower Wharf your ruffians fell upon me, stunned me and carried me off to a house in Seething Lane, whence I have just made my escape at the risk of a broken neck?"

"I do deny it, all of it. Where is the letter?"

He gave me a glance of ineffable contempt, then handed a piece of paper to Talbot.

"Read that, sir," he said, "then let its author see it again."



"The like counsel I got next day from the Duke of York."

"You must not forget, Mr. Marston," said Talbot, quietly, after he had glanced at the paper and passed it on to me, "that such a document may easily be forged. But haply you have other evidence upon which to base your accusation."

"Sblood, do you take his part?"

"I have known Lal Faversham these many years, Mr. Marston, for a gentleman. A gentleman, sir, does not do these things, particularly when his swordsmanship is of the quality of Sir Lionel's. Bethink you, sir, that had he desired to rid himself of you, he had no need to employ such means. It is well known that you sought a quarrel with him, he had but to allow you to pick it. You must therefore see, Mr. Marston, that his resorting to the hire of assassins would have been both motiveless and dangerous."

"Thank you, Talbot," I said, then turning to the boy who stood livid with anger at this fresh opposition—"Roger, this letter is forged, I swear it. Be assured by this and Mr. Talbot's reasoning."

"I care not a fig for your lies or Mr. Talbot's reasoning," was the passionate answer.

"Roger!"

"Oh, have done this farce," he returned, with a bitter laugh. "Dream you I am such a helpless fool that I cannot sound its shallow depth? What of your protestations that you did but woo Mistress Hyde because the King had bidden you—that you cared no whit for her nor she for you? Did not her action in the Stone Gallery prove that you had lied?"

"Mr. Marston," put in Talbot, calmly, "your purpose here is clear, but I entreat you let this affair be conducted with decency. Sir Lionel is no longer under arrest—at least, he will not be when I have told the King that I have seen you. Let me prevail upon you to withdraw and send a friend to wait upon a friend of Sir Lionel's."

"No, no, Talbot," I cried. "The boy is beside himself. Surely we can bring him to see reason. Remember, Roger, how long I have been your friend."

"Such a friend as was the Iscariot," he retorted, at which fresh insult I lost all patience.

"Dick," I said, with a shrug, "since he will have it so, perhaps you will do me the honor of arranging this affair."

I withdrew into the adjoining room, and an hour later I was informed by Talbot that we were to meet at Rosamond's Pond in St.

James' Park, at six o'clock next morning. The sentry was removed from my door, and my sword returned to me, nevertheless I did not stir that night from my lodging.

Albeit it wanted still a few minutes to six on that glorious July morning, when Talbot and I reached Rosamond's Pond, we found Roger Marston with his friend, Lord Falmouth, already pacing 'neath the trees. There was little said, and we made ready swiftly. Our swords were measured, and we faced each other. Then, at my request, Talbot made a last appeal to Roger, but the lad was beyond reason, and we crossed swords—I, reluctantly and sadly, he, with an eagerness that proved how deep was his resentment.

I was determined not to hurt the lad, despite the affront he had put upon me, and in this purpose I went to work. For what he lacked in skill he made up in fury, and for some moments he kept me busy enough. But in the end came a favorable opportunity and ere he well knew what had befallen him, I had twisted the sword from his grasp, and sent it flying over his head; I laughed at his consternation.

"Will that suffice you, Roger, in reparation for your fancied grievance, and will you listen to me now?"

"I will hear naught from you. Kill me disarmed if you will, if you will not, let my sword be returned to me."

"Let the fool have his sword by all means," whispered Talbot.

I bowed my head, and a moment or two later we were at work again. Seeing how little it availed me to disarm him, I was now intent upon getting my sword home in his sword-arm, and thus by a slight wound disabling him. To this end I strove, neglecting opportunities to do him a more grievous hurt; calmly I fenced, and waited. And then of a sudden, whilst my eyes were intent upon my opponent, there came a ringing clash, and our swords were knocked up by Lord Falmouth.

"Gentlemen," he cried, in alarm, "the King!"

And truly enough, as I turned, I beheld Charles advancing towards us by great strides of his long legs. He came unattended, and his swart face wore a look that was monstrous ugly.

"How is this, gentlemen?" was his angry greeting. "Do I find you with drawn swords in the very grounds of my park? Are you so eager, Sir Lionel, to give truth to the accusation so lately brought against

you of having caused the death of Mr. Marston?"

"This quarrel, sire, is none of my seeking," I replied, boldly. "I was visited yesternight by Mr. Marston, who came to accuse me of having caused the abduction whereof he has been the victim. To my denial of the imputation he answered that I lied."

Charles turned to him.

"If I pledge you my kingly word that I am convinced Sir Lionel had no hand in that affair—that, in fact, as I have since discovered, it was a plot rather against him than against you—will that satisfy you, Mr. Marston?"

"So far as that affair is concerned it must perforce, sire. But Sir Lionel and I have another cause of quarrel that is at the root of this one."

"What is this cause?"

"Mistress Hyde, sire," I ventured.

"Mistress Hyde!" he blazed, turning upon Marston. "What is Mistress Hyde to you?"

"I love her, sire."

"Why, so I have heard, and that she loves you not, therefore let the matter end. Oddsfish! I am sick of this business, and Sir Lionel shall make her Lady Faversham before the week is out. By Heaven, he shall marry her this very day if I have any power in England. Don your doublet, gentlemen, and attend me. I charge you both upon the pain of my lasting displeasure to let this matter go no further."

We did his bidding, and a sad procession we formed as we crossed the park in the direction of Whitehall. Roger gnawed his lip and wore the look of a newly birched schoolboy, Talbot and Falmouth followed

crestfallen at the loss of a morning's sport, while I stalked along, the saddest of that melancholy party. In my heart I cursed Roger devoutly, and blamed his mawkish love-sickness for having so precipitated matters that I was compelled to wed a woman who—at the thought of it—grew loathsome to me. I wondered vaguely how

Mistress Hyde would take the announcement, and fearing that the combined insistence of the King and of her father would make her accede despite herself, my heart grew full of pity for the girl who was like to become the victim of royal caprice.

But that morning was rich in surprises. We were all but out of the park when in amazement our steps were arrested by no less a sight than that of Mistress Hyde and the Duke of York strolling toward us arm in arm, and all absorbed in the contemplation of each other. For a moment we paused, then, with a vigorous oath, Charles strode forward with quickened step, we following upon his heels. They stood still upon beholding him, and Mistress Hyde let fly a little cry of fear.

A hundred rumors touching Anne Hyde and James of York,

that I had heard but left unheeded, holding it mere court scandal, recurred to me at that moment. Then as in a flash I understood why Charles sought to wed me to the Chancellor's daughter. He sought to place her beyond his brother's reach.

Out of deference we paused, unwilling to intrude upon the scene we saw was imminent, and so I missed the greeting that passed between the royal brothers, and which I take it had little that was brotherly. They



"We have both been duped," he murmured, brokenly."

controlled awhile their voices, but at length a loud, mocking laugh burst from the King, who, turning, bade us approach. As we drew near I caught the words from Charles:

"By God, James, it shall take place to-day."

"Sire," replied the duke, "it is too late. There is no Mistress Hyde to give in marriage." Then taking her by the hand, and bending upon her a look of eloquent affection: "Let me present to your majesty, and to you, gentlemen, her royal highness, the Duchess of York."

Scarce believing our ears, we stood by and heard the gasp that escaped the King.

"James, 'tis false!" he cried.

"Nay, sire, 'tis true. We have been wed these three months."

There was an ominous pause, during which Mistress Anne stood, timid, by her royal husband's side, with eyes downcast and folded hands, her bosom heaving and her cheeks going red and pale by turns.

A brief while we stood thus with no word spoken, then realizing that this was now become a family affair, Charles dismissed us by a wave of the hand, and we—but too

glad to escape from so trying a scene—made off towards the Cockpit, and thence to my lodging.

As we mounted the stairs Roger gripped my hand.

"Forgive me, Lal," he murmured, brokenly. "We have both been duped."

We had indeed, for it was not difficult to guess, and now clear to both of us, that Roger's abduction was the work of the duke, as also was the raising of suspicions against me, with the connivance—as I afterwards ascertained—of her father who was privy to the marriage. In this fashion he had sought to remove the two suitors whose liberty was a menace to the secret which in the end he had been forced to disclose—thanks to the King's early rising.

Yes, poor Roger and I had indeed been duped. But whereas to me the morning's revelation had brought relief unutterable, to him it had proved a sorry blow.

Sick of a Court which he swore had no longer room for gentlemen, he quitted Whitehall a few days later and returned to Devonshire.

THE WINDOW OF THE SOUL

BY HARVEY SUTHERLAND

THERE was a time when the human body was supposed to be something like one of these jumping beans you see in the drug-store windows, a dead shell moved about by a living thing inside. It was then no mere figure of speech to call the eye "the window of the soul," for it was confidently believed that not only through it did the living thing peer out at what was going on outside, but that through it came the light that illuminated the inside of the shell. "The light of the body is the eye."

I think that nowadays the jumping-bean theory of human conscious existence has been discarded by most in favor of what I may call the general manager theory, which figures the real, essential man as crouched up in the skull reading off the tapes of the various tickers of the senses connected by special wires with the outside world and telegraphing instructions and orders from time to time to his agents and brokers, his

limbs and organs. Now, just what Thought and Mind and Matter, and all such things, that you have to take your hat off to and speak of only with capital letters may really be, I haven't the least notion. I suspect that they are only words, checks drawn by us on a bank where we have no deposit. But if you are to know my very best guess, it is that there is no little man tucked away in the folds of the brain, but a big man just fitting inside of the skin, and that the most part of his thinking is done, not with the brain, but with that same skin.

It is no story got up by scientific people to make us wonder and say "Gee!" that the eye is a modification of the texture that covers us, but an observed fact, every step of the progress having been traced in the human embryo. The life history of each one of us is, in a way, the history of the race, but, anyhow, there are animals whose eyes show the progress just as well. Very low in

the scale of organization are creatures that have only patches of skin sensitive to light. Perhaps they might make out the big display letters on the front page of a yellow journal, as light and dark spaces, but I am sure they could not read the "want ads." or "Business Opportunities." Before that could be done Dame Nature had to wrinkle in this skin sensitive to light so as to make a kind of pocket lined with it, devoting to the Sight Department of the Bureau of Information a special room, or camera, since you are so fond of Latin.

As you know, there is such a thing as pin-hole photography. The light from outside objects enters the camera through a very small aperture and because only one or two rays of light from each point in the outside view get through the pin-hole the picture on the photographic plate is tolerably clear. It is not very bright, but if the hole is enlarged to let in more light the picture blurs. If you can remember so far back as the time when it was the proper thing to keep the parlor black dark you probably also remember that on the wall opposite the front door keyhole there was a hazy upside-down picture of across the road, and that a dim inverted ghost flitted across it whenever anybody went by. I suppose you have forgotten just where you got that convex spectacle glass that you put up to the keyhole, but surely you have not forgotten that when you held up a piece of white paper at the proper distance a beautiful colored picture appeared on it. Don't you recollect how the pine-trees waved in the wind, and how your heart jumped when you saw the tiny figure of Hosea Alexander strut across the page as natural as life? All these scattering rays of light from every point of the outside view were recombined by the lens on the corresponding point on the piece of paper.

To substitute for the white paper a plate covered with stuff whose chemical structure light can alter, to change the immovable parlor into a small box, light-tight and blackened inside and capable of being carried about, to fit the lens firmly in a circular hole, and to rig up a diaphragm to regulate the amount of light entering thereat; to provide a shutter to control the focusing of the picture on the plate—all these things have made photography, have changed the dark room into the camera obscura, words identical in meaning and yet different in meaning because a special thing has been made of a common thing, just as the special

organ of the eye has been made out of the common skin.

All this that Man found out only the other day Nature found out so long ago that it makes your head ache to try to figure out how long ago. But that she did find it out in much the same way that Man did I think can pretty nearly be demonstrated. Her first attempts at eyes were hardly such as one would choose to do hem-stitching by. It looks to me as if she had let her work drive her, and that if she got up something that would just pass muster she was satisfied to let it go at that. I don't believe she had any more idea when she first introduced the human eye that it would be used continuously for fine sewing than anything at all. The normal human eye works without any adjustment at all for any distance up to seventy-one yards, just as the photographic camera is good for all distances up to within one hundred feet. I suppose Nature thought surely 213 feet was enough start to give anybody that made up his mind to take to his heels if he didn't like the looks of what was coming at him. Inside the universal focus, if there is to be a clear picture on the plate, either the magnifying power of the lens has to be increased or the distance between the lens and the plate has to be increased. In the camera it is easier to move the plate farther from the lens than to change the power of the lens. In the eye it is easier to change the power of the lens than to telescope the eye away back into the head. So a little muscle pulls and the lens bulges more and more as the object looked at comes nearer. Now an effort so fatiguing when kept up could not have been meant to be continuous. It was thought that we should use the eye almost always for distances longer than 213 feet, and seldom for any less distance, whereas nowadays we almost never look at anything so far away as 213 feet, and almost always at near things.

By lens I do not mean the clear, bull's-eye thing that projects from the white of the eye. That is the cornea. It is a thin glassy shell full of water with common salt in it. You have heard of people "crying their eyes out." Well, sometimes they actually do that very thing. Either a sudden increase of outward pressure in the eyeball, as in intense grief, or a strain, as when a physician is bound to look at the child's sore eye and the child doesn't want him to, and he forces the lids open whether or no, may break this cornea away from the white of the eye to

which it is soldered and the hot, salt water gushes out. The cornea is made of the same stuff as the white of the eye, but the fibers that are felted together in the white have been sort of combed out straight and parallel in the cornea. Hanging in the salt water is a curtain, brown when it has paint on it, and blue when it has no paint on it. There is a hole in the middle of this curtain that puckers up small when there is too much light and stretches big when there is not enough light. It serves the same purpose as the photographers' diaphragm. Right behind this curtain is the lens I meant. Sit in a dark room with a person and have him—it can just as well be a "her"—look at a lighted candle off to one side. You will not miss seeing a small and very bright reflection of the candle flame in the cornea. Beside it you will also see a reflection from the front side of the lens. Look very carefully and you will see a third reflection, faint and upside down, from the hinder side of the lens. As the eye changes from looking at a near object to a far one these reflections change their positions. This lens was what Dame Nature wrinkled in the skin to get. It is a piece of the under part of the hide. The original cells have turned into fine, long, transparent, six-sided fibers, saw-toothed on their edges to fit each other and cemented together. The fibers do not run straight across from the front side to the rear side, but have been whorled through a sixth of a circle, something like the colored strands of glass in the old-fashioned glass marbles, or like a ball of twine as it comes from the store. Next time you get into a fight with a man and gouge his eye out, don't throw it away carelessly, but take the lens home and soak it in alcohol until it gets hard. You will find that it comes apart in three pieces as if an equal-angled Y had been cut through from front to back. You will also find that it peels off in layers like an onion, and that the outer layers are soft, while the core is hard. The older the man is whose eye you are examining the more core there will be, and the more difficulty be found in making the lens bulge for near objects.

Back of the lens, between it and the sensitive plate, is a transparent jelly, so that really there is a system of lenses through which the rays of light pass: The salt water in the bull's-eye shell of the cornea, the crystalline lens that can change its curvature and this jelly. All the parts being made of skin originally they wear out and

the cast-off particles must be renewed by white corpuscles of blood that wiggle through and around as if they had independent life of their own. So it is no more than might be expected if the vision is continually clouded by floating motes that bother us when we look through the microscope or telescope at very difficult things to see. Nature had no idea that we were going to have such prying, inquisitive dispositions. She was satisfied, as I say, to scamp up something that would do for the time being, and let it go at that. If she had planned the eye beforehand I am sure she would have found a way to obviate these motes.

Very probably, too, if she hadn't been in such a hurry to get the job off her hands she would have taken pains to make the axis running through this system of lenses fall upon the yellow spot in the eye where sight is the keenest.

She would have put the center round which the eye rotates in the axis of vision so that the line of regard would coincide with the line of seeing, which it doesn't usually. She would have made the lenses achromatic, so that all colors would have focussed at the same distance. As it is now, if we look at a violet flame we may either see a red flame with a blue halo or a blue flame with a red halo, because it is so hard to make red and blue focus at the same point. That was a very careless way of doing things indeed. I can't imagine what she could have been thinking of. It bothers the artists a lot. And it seems to me she could have corrected the spherical aberration, which blurs images made when the lenses are, as it were, sliced off the side of a globe, in a better way than by making the lenses sliced off an ellipsoid. (An orange is nearly a globe, and a lemon is nearly an ellipsoid.) In almost every eye the curve of the cornea is rounder on the straight up and down line than on the horizontal line, so that rays diverging from a point outside cannot be recombined to exactly a point inside the eye. That is why when we look at a star we cannot see it as a bright point, but with rays coming from it, "all sprangly," as the children say. I am afraid that if a regular optical instrument-maker slapped up a job of work as carelessly as the job that Dame Nature has done on the eye we should never give him another order. But, then, there is this to be said in her favor: Consider the material she had to work with. Really, she has done wonders with it.

The sight of the eye, as we say when we

talk like common folks, or the pupil, as we say when we want to have it known that pa was rich enough to send us to college, is that little hole in the curtain that hangs before the lens. It looks like a black spot, just as the window of the house across the way looks black to me on a bright day because comparatively little light comes from the room behind it. The black spot was called the sight because sight was supposed to reside in it. And now what little boy or girl can tell me why it is called the "pupil?" No hands up? Why, children! Think now. What is a pupil? Yes, that's right, one that goes to school or takes lessons. But that is not quite it yet. Those who take lessons are usually little folks and "pupil" really means "a little girl," and that black spot is so named because the reflection of the person looking into another's eye is so small. How expressive that is! How much more expressive than any word of English origin could possibly be! And how thankful we ought all to be to our dear teachers who labor so faithfully to beat "bonus-a-um, boni-ae-i," into our heads and to confer upon us the priceless boon of a thorough knowledge of Latin, printed in characters that Cicero would be puzzled to make out and pronounce after a method whose only certainty is the certainty that Cicero did not so pronounce. Every day I rise out of my bed I rejoice to remember that I spent six years studying Latin. What though I cannot now or ever could so much as call a cab in Latin? The mental discipline, man, the mental discipline!

The rays of light from the outside world pass through this little hole and are focussed on the back wall of the eye. To find out how big the picture in the eye is of any given object, measure the object and its distance from the eye, reduce these to millimeters; multiply the diameter of the object by 16 and divide it by its distance from the eye plus 7. Example: The lower-case type on this page is 1-16 of an inch high. You probably hold the magazine about 20 inches from the eye. The image in your eye of one of the letters in this word is about 1-500 of an inch high. When the image of a line is 16,850 of an inch long on the best spot of the retina for seeing, the very acutest and most carefully-trained eye may distinguish the ends of the line as separate points, for, though one of the cones with which this fine seeing is done is only 16,250 of an inch across, the picture of the line may fall on two cones and be seen as two points.

A bright point, however, may be seen if its image occupies only a very small part of one cone. Thus an object 1-625 of an inch across, held an inch from the eye and making an image only 1-12,500 of an inch across, is distinctly visible. The limit of things visible is still farther off. Objects as small as the 1-400,000 of an inch in diameter, about one-tenth of the length of a wave of light, can be seen with the highest powers of the modern microscope.

How clumsy the vision is except in this good spot of the eye may be noted if you make two dots 1-16 of an inch apart and look a little to one side of them so that their picture falls on another part of the retina. They look as if they were one line. The good spot is painted yellow. The fibers of the optic nerve, which spread out over nearly all the inside of the eye, are almost absent here, and there are rods as well as cones sticking their points into the pigment cells still deeper in the wall of the eyeball. But in the very bottom of the wrinkle that Dame Nature made, in the groove of the yellow spot where the very closest seeing is done, there are only cones. As nearly as I can find out, the fibers of the optic nerve do not seem to have much to do directly with hemstitching and reading the want ads.

If I wrote an article about the eye and said nothing about the blind spot, which is where the optic nerve comes through into the retina, about 1-10 of an inch nearer the nose than the center, I suppose my readers would go to the box-office and demand their money back. Just to be different from other people, though, I will not print a cross-mark here and dot over there and tell you how to look at it so that the dot will disappear. I could make a big, round spot more than three-quarters of an inch in diameter realize that it was only Mortal Mind and had no real entity, but I won't. I know a better scheme. Close your fists with your thumbs outside and held against each other. Extend your arms. Shut your left eye and look fixedly with your right eye at your left thumb. Separate your hands, and when they are about six inches apart the right thumb will go out of business temporarily, for its picture will fall upon the blind spot. Now, here's the curious part of it. Though men have tried all sorts of experiments on themselves for unknown thousands of years this phenomenon was not discovered until the time of Charles II. of England. The blind spot leaves no hole in the picture of the outside world, but, there being no

stimulation on that spot, there is not consciousness of a lack, but a lack of consciousness.

It has been observed that if the living eye be kept in the dark for some time and then light let fall full upon the retina there is a change in the eye's electrical condition. This would seem to indicate that the light causes some substance to break up. There is a purple pigment in the eye in which the rods and cones are embedded which the light bleaches, and which seems to be decomposed by it as are the silver salts on the photographic plate. This pigment is replaced as fast as it disappears, but if the eye of an animal be plunged into a fixative like alum water immediately after death the picture on its retina may be made permanent. Rudyard Kipling once wrote a story called "At the End of the Passage," in which a man dies of a nightmare, and the doctor takes a snapshot photograph of the retina of the dead man's eyes by holding the camera in front of them. He destroys the film afterward because the picture on it was so horrible. The next time Mr. Kipling visits New York he should take the Flushing Avenue car at the Brooklyn Bridge and tell the conductor to let him off at the Navy Yard. He will there find large numbers of marines to whom to tell this story. In the first place, the retinal pictures would fade immediately, and in the second place he could not photograph them without dissecting out the eyes.

In the yellow spot where acutest vision resides there is no purple pigment. It is supposed that there are other substances there that undergo similar chemical change. How the picture is made on the retina the camera helps us to understand, but what comes next I confess I do not know, and I am pretty sure that nobody knows. I could go on and tell you that the fibers of the optic nerve on the nose side of one eye cross over into the opposite half of the brain, while the fibers on the temple side of the eye stay on their own side; that they go then to certain nerve knots at the base of the brain, and that from these again fibers pass to the hinder part of the upper brain. But I do not know that this helps much. In any investigation into the causes of things we get about so far and then we find we have come up against a stone wall. We cannot go around it to see what is on the other side; we can not climb over it or dig under it, and there are no signs of any door or place for one. It has been mercifully provided, however, that there shall

always be a great plenty of things on this side of the wall that we can find out about if we try hard enough. So we really need not fret ourselves to death worrying about what is on the other side of the wall. Perhaps there isn't anything. Who knows?

I have explained many things about the eye, but some people do not like to have all their food predigested for them. Solely to please such, I have omitted the discussion of how we perceive colors. I want you to work this out for yourselves. When you get a theory that explains all the phenomena of color kindly advise the world of it. We shall all be pleased to hear from you.

While the eye at its best is not a perfect instrument, it isn't too often that a normal eye is found, and two normal eyes in the same man are more than twice as infrequent. It is good luck enough if our two eyes are alike in their abnormality. If we are so fortunate as to have two eyes equally good for all distances when we are on the sunny side of forty, why, on the shady side of forty all the muscles of the body, including the one that bulges the lens for near seeing, lose the elasticity they had in the days when we used to rub our upper lip gently to feel the tender rasp of the shaven fuzz. The lens, too, stiffens with age and takes on a yellowish tinge. It may be that when we are very old we shall get our "second sight"—that is, the lens will have become much harder and its index of refraction increased, as it is greater in the diamond than in glass, so that for near things we shall not need spectacles. But we shall not get far vision, too, and there is always the fear that this unnatural hardening of the lens may be the precursor of cataract, as it sometimes is, where a white opaqueness is deposited in the Y-shaped crack in the lens, spreading little by little, until it can no longer be seen through. It is possible to take out this useless disk and supply its place with strong magnifying spectacles, but the power of accommodation for different distances is gone forever.

Children sometimes find that they can read better with grandpa's glasses than without them. This does not indicate premature decay, but that the eyeball is too flat, too short from front to back. The eyes of little babies are almost always so. The opposite deformity is an eye too long from front to back so that only near things can be seen distinctly. Common folks call it near-sightedness, but high-class people call it "myopia," a very honorific word coming

from the Greek, *Muo*, "I shut," the reason being that near-sighted persons nip their eyelids together to make things look clearer. As a word descriptive of the condition of the eye I don't think much of it, but as an illustration of how to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear I think it is fine. If seeing is a modification of feeling, so is speech a modification of gesture. When I say "you," I point my lips at you; when I say "me," I draw them in toward myself. The word "mouth" implies lips, tongue and teeth, and when it is pronounced we call attention to those parts by the motions incident to pronunciation. So, too, *Muo*, "I shut," looks to me very much like a vocal pantomime of the act of shutting. See, now, what we have got from it.

To help the flat, long-sighted eye to see near objects we re-enforce the crystalline lens with a glass that shortens the focal distance. To help the deep, short-sighted eye we put a glass before it that keeps the rays from coming to a focus too soon. But within the last few years another kind of defective vision has been discovered called astigmatism. Doubtless it has always existed, but was not recognized. There is a story about a man whose office windows overlooked a quadrangle in which was a tower clock. He discovered that he could tell the time of day better at some hours than at others, and came to the conclusion that he had, so to speak, ebb-tides and flood-tides of vision. Everything he could get hold of on the subject of "vital periodicity" he read with avidity, and he prided himself no little upon his being an extraordinary person. Quite in the interests of science he stopped in at an oculist's one day to tell him what a wonderful being sat before him. (Isn't that an Englishman clear through?) The oculists inquired what were the high-tide hours, and on being told twelve and six, put cylindrical glasses on the wonderful being, who thereafter saw well all around the clock. If an astigmatic person looks at a printed wheel whose spokes are all of an even width and blackness some spokes will be grayer than others because the curvature of the cornea is greater in one axis than it is in another. It is a slice cut off a crystal lemon instead of a crystal orange. A lens ground so as to be a slice off either the outside or the inside of a crystal cylinder will correct the defect, which exists in a greater or less degree in all eyes. Old people's sight gets worse as they grow older, so that finally they have to cor-

rect their vision for distant as well as near objects, and they wear Franklin glasses, whose upper half is to see far things with, and the lower half to see near things with. And why do you suppose they are called Franklin glasses? Because our old friend, Benjamin Franklin, invented them. Short-sighted children that read a great deal, that read badly-printed books, that read German books, that read by a poor light and all stooped over, get more and more short-sighted, but the astigmatism of an eye stays the same all through life. It gets no worse, and—bad luck to it!—it gets no better.

It has been said by some that the eye is degenerating. Maybe so, but I rather incline to believe that the doctors are observing that sort of thing more now than ever before. It is true that education entails short-sightedness, but that is less an evidence of the degeneracy of the eye than of the monumental stupidity of our treatment of children. We love our children dearly, but if we had set out with deliberate malice to wreck them, body and soul, we should go about it in exactly the same way as we do now with far different intentions.

A child's eyes are far-sighted, and it is only for a few moments that it should look at anything nearer than seventy-one yards. And yet from the time it begins to take notice we are forever trying to get it to see things close to it, playthings, our own foolish faces, and I don't know what not. The day after it is weaned we start in to teach it to read. As soon as ever we can, we pack it off to kindergarten, there to be instructed in the health-giving arts of braiding colored paper and working at such tasks as would make a grown person's eyes ache. Then we send it to public school. I have seen public school buildings in New York City that the builder ought to go to State's prison for, dark, unsanitary holes. We put the child in the public school and tell it to sit right still with its nose in a book and be nice and not make a noise, when we know that its nature clamors to run and play and jump and halloo so as to grow up to be made of meat and not of putty. In some public schools the great truth that play is a wicked waste of time has been recognized to the extent of abolishing even the stingy fifteen minutes' recess doled out in most instances. When there are playgrounds they are neatly paved with artificial stone, and almost big enough to swing a cat in. Sometimes the playroom is in a nice, dark cellar where the toilet room is.

But the child may play after school hours. Oh, bless your heart, we have fixed that all right. Homework. We give them home work to addle their brains over by artificial light. And if the child is a girl we plan how we can make her suffer the most prolonged agony possible in her adult life. We choose the critical time and set her at the piano. Paper can be cut to play better than she ever will, but that isn't it. We want to come as near as possible to killing her without actually doing so. No, your hour isn't up yet, Dorothy. You march right back and don't you come out of that parlor again till you have practiced a full hour, do you hear me? We keep the poor little things up till all hours, excite them with novels and theatres, feed them on stimulating and relatively innutritious foods, and encourage them to poison themselves with candy, crunched and gulped down before the cane sugar has been digested in the mouth. We give them coffee and tea to set their nerves on a twitter. Good Lord! What don't we do to kill them? We act like a pack of fools, we parents, and if any of our young ones live to be twenty, are tolerably sound of mind, aren't sick more than half the time and have at least seven teeth that don't ache, it is more by good luck than good judgment. Is it any wonder that the eyes suffer along with the rest of the body?

But most of all it is the crazy notion that the child's mind is developed by reading that is to blame for what we call the degeneracy of the eye. Observing and comparing are what develop the mind, but you can't beat that into a teacher's head. One of them told me the other day how much better the schools were in Germany than in this country. Little children there, she said, do sums in long division much faster than American children. I wanted to shake her.

They keep the German children in school almost all the waking day, and the barbarous type they print books in increases the short-sightedness from twenty per cent. in the lower grades to sixty and even seventy per cent. in the upper grades. No wonder Germans are so prone to suicide! They had rather go to the Bad Place forever than live a little while in Germany.

If your eyesight is good, take care of it. Look away off yonder every time you get to the bottom of a page in reading. If it is defective, let no foolish pride prevent you from wearing the proper glasses. There is no sense in handicapping yourself in life when a piece of glass before each eye will make your vision as good as it possibly can be. The oculist will not advise you to wear glasses if you do not need them any more than he will prescribe a drug you do not need. Plenty of people, though, do not know that they have defective sight because they have never really seen at all. They have headaches, inflamed eyes, styes, even much graver troubles, from the strain of trying to see with eyes that were put up wrong. There are cases where homicidal insanity has been completely cured when impaired vision has been corrected.

I have lived a busy life since first I put on spectacles, but to my dying day I never shall forget that moment. I wish I knew how to tell you how beautiful I found the world to be then, how the distant prospect leaped out of gray, uncertain mirk into a lovely picture, clear-cut as a gem, glowing with such color as I had not dreamed of. That night I stood and gazed with swelling heart upon a sight that I had never seen before, the round, silver moon glittering through the ragged, wind-torn clouds. And far, far away, upon the frontiers of infinity, twinkled the stars. . . . I can tell no further.





IN the still gray dawn of a September day, the Flat Mountain camp of the Morton-Bromley sheep outfit awaited breakfast. The great herd of ten thousand merinos had risen from the night's bed-ground and was drifting, a slow, bleating mass, toward the grassy uplands, nosing among the sagebrush and soapweed. From one of the big, white-covered wagons a curl of blue smoke mounted lazily into the chill air, and a half-dozen men, seated negligently about, dwelt eagerly on the odors of coffee, bacon and hot bread. Soon the busy cook passed to them heaped plates of the hearty fare, with brimming pint cups of strong black drink; then seated himself upon the wagon step, bending over his own portion.

"The coyotes was bad last night," he remarked, presently. "Did they get any thing?"

"Got a couple lambs," one of the herders returned. "There was two bunches at once. We'll have to have more dogs, if they keep comin' like that. Four hounds ain't enough for such a big herd."

"Listen!" the cook said.

The men paused expectantly. Hoofbeats sounded upon the rocky trail that led through the thick cottonwoods along the creek, and soon a man appeared, a stranger to the camp. He was deeply bronzed by exposure to sun and wind; his clothing was covered with the dust of long travel, and his horse, though a beast of strength and temper, was much fagged. He rode close to the feeding group, bending wearily forward upon the horn of his saddle, while the quick eyes of the men appraised him. He was apparently rather over thirty years, with a clean, alert face and straight, sturdy figure, the lithe muscles of shoulders and back showing plainly under the loose fabric of his shirt; but his manner was listless, and his eyes heavy from loss of sleep.

"Morning," he said to the company at large. "I'm lookin' for work. Don't your camp need another man?"

The cook answered with a pertinent counter-question. "Had your breakfast? Better get down an' eat."

Very willingly the stranger dismounted and sat cross-legged upon the ground, making a ravenous attack upon the generous supply of food set before him.

"Huntin' a job, are you?" the cook asked, presently; then—an inevitable question on the plains—"Where you from?"

The stranger nodded toward the south.

"I've just come from Colorado. I haven't been there long, though. I belong in New Mexico, an' down around there."

"What might your name be?"

"Betts—Bradley Betts—Brad Betts." He had scraped his plate clean of the last morsel. But he shook his head at the offer of more. "No, thanks. I guess I've had enough for just now. I was pretty hungry, though. I got off the trail, somehow, coming up, and didn't get anything to eat yesterday. I'd better not eat too much all at once." After a moment he returned to his first inquiry. "How about work with you fellows? Have you got all the men you need?"

"No, we ain't," the cook returned. "We been short-handed for 'most a month, an' one of these boys is goin' to quit Saturday. The foreman 'll be up this mornin'; you better wait an' see him."

"I guess I will," Betts answered. "Can I go to sleep somewhere while I'm waitin'? I've been ridin' all night, an' I'm plum tired."

"Sure. There's beds in all the wagons. Help yourself."

The man unsaddled his horse and picketed it nearby to graze. Breakfast over, the herders were dispersing to their work; only

one, a fresh-cheeked lad of twenty years, lingered near the cook's wagon, gathering up the scattered dishes and filling the kettles with water.

"I'd be likely to sleep better if I could settle this work business first," Betts said, insistently. "Can't one of you hire me, if you want a man?"

"No. You'd better wait an' see Larry. He'll be here by the time you wake up. There's nobody here but Jimmy—this youngster here. He's Bromley's boy. Bromley's one of the owners. But Jimmy's only knock-in 'round with us while he's havin' his vacation from school. He don't have nothin' to do with hirin' the men."

Betts raised his eyes to Jimmy's face, regarding him with frank interest, and the boy returned the look in kind. They were pleased with each other, and Jimmy showed his friendliness at once.

"You lie down and sleep," he suggested. "You look as though you needed it. I haven't any authority to engage you; but if you want work I'll talk to the foreman for you. He'll do what I say. You're as good as hired, if that's any comfort to you."

"Thanks," Betts said, simply. "You won't be sorry for that, Mr.— I don't believe I caught your name."

"Oh, any old name will do," Jimmy laughed. "My name's James Bromley, but the boys here call me Kid. That's as good as anything."

The foreman came in the middle of the morning; a big, blustering fellow, red-shirted, full-bearded, with a fresh, outdoor voice and manner. He disposed at once of Bett's application for employment, backed as it was by Jimmy's plea.

"Where have you worked?" he asked.

"Down South," Betts answered. "In New Mexico, mostly."

"New Mexico? Well, that's some different from Wyoming. But sheep are pretty much alike, anywhere. Ever handled sheep?"

"Yes, some. I know a good deal about 'em, and what I don't know I suppose I can learn."

"Yes, that's so. You don't look like a shirker. Well, that's all right. The pay's thirty dollars a month. If that suits you, you can stay. Say, Bill, how's your grub holdin' out? Got enough to last till Sunday? We'll get a load over to you, then."

Thus Brad Betts became a fixture in the camp, sharing his place with the rest as his fellows. He was well liked from the first, despite a very evident reluctance in speak-

ing of himself. For the most part he kept his own counsel concerning the life he had led in the past, and the others did not insist upon his confidence. To insist would have been an unpardonable violation of frontier etiquette, which permitted every man to speak or to hold his peace, as he chose. In the days of the Eighties, Wyoming was the very refuse heap of the nation. Men of many stripes from many places sought the refuge of its plains and mountains. From Cheyenne on the south to Douglas and Casper on the north was a wide stretch of country in which to seek for a creature so small as a man—almost hopelessly wide if the seeker was a minister of the law, and the man sought was made cunningly elusive by despair. In that state of society no one presumed to pass judgment upon his neighbor. So the herders respected Betts' reticence, and he seemed willing to buy peace at the slight cost of silence. He did his work with ease, and without shirking. There was no real temptation to shirk. Life in a sheep camp has few resources; it was for his own good that he kept as busy as possible with the trivial details of the daily routine.

One hot noontide Betts sat upon his horse, his dust-yellowed hat pulled low over his eyes, his glance wandering idly over the desert. He lounged forward in his saddle; his bridle rein was loosened, and his horse was sniffing gingerly among the scattered tufts of parched herbage. The day was like midsummer. The wind that came out of the south blew not in intermittent breaths, but with a cheerless monotony, and the sound of it in the dead grass and sagebrush was like a sigh. There was no other sound save the bleating of the two thousand sheep under his care; his dog lay idle in the shade of a thin patch of brush, its tongue lolling, its flanks heaving. He longed to hear the bark of a straggling coyote, or the croak of a raven; but every living thing that had liberty seemed to have deserted the plain. The sky was speckless. Directly overhead it burned a steely blue; farther away it blazed a brassy yellow, and at the far horizon it appeared to melt into the hot earth.

"Isn't that a sweet picture, Jack?" Betts asked of his pony. "We've seen some cheerful sights in our time, old chap; but we never saw worse than this." He eased his feet from the stirrups, threw one leg over the horn of his saddle, and for at least the tenth time that day began to rub the dust from the metal trappings of his spur—

polishing, polishing, until the plated surface gleamed with a hateful brightness. When the charm of that was gone he drew himself erect.

His eye caught a glinting speck upon the plain, a mile away. He sat for a long time

foot until he had uncovered a few bits of broken earthenware, a rust-eaten knife and a half-dozen empty cartridge shells.

"Indians, I reckon," he said. "Hard luck, wasn't it, old man?" As he continued his search, every fresh discovery spoke of



"Morning," he said to the company at large. "I'm looking for work. Don't your camp need another man?"

wondering that he had not seen it before, and guessing what it might be. "A tin can, most likely," he said, aloud. "Some outfit must have thrown it away." But as the minutes passed he was filled with strorg curiosity. He spoke sharply to the dog, and spurred his pony into a run.

The glittering spot was nothing more than a broken bottle, lying half buried in the sand beside an old and disused wagon trail. Before the days of wagons, the trail had been begun by drifting herds of buffalo. It had been worn deep; here and there it was obliterated by blown sand; but at this point it was still plainly marked. An iron tire of a wagon wheel, bent and broken, lay near the bottle, and clinging to it by rusted bolts were some fragments of charred wood. A horse's skull and a few scattered bones of its skeleton were there, too, whitened by weather and porous with age. Betts dismounted and began a close scrutiny of the place, scraping in the dust with his booted

the death struggle of some nameless emigrant of the old days. Last of all he found a baby's shoe. It was filled with sand and badly misshapen; the stitches had rotted away, and as he lifted it the bits of leather fell apart in his hand.

"A poor little kid, too," he said, softly. He stood holding the token in his hand, looking at it with serious eyes. "Oh, that's tough! I wish I hadn't found it." Upon sudden impulse he thrust his free hand into his trousers pocket and brought out and laid beside the shoe a wooden alphabet block from a child's set. Upon either side of the block were raised letters, "J" and "K." It had once been gay with paint; a few scaling flakes of red still clung to it, and around the edges were tiny marks of a baby's teeth.

"Look at 'em!" he breathed, and his eyes gave to him only distorted images of the poor trinkets. Soon he rolled the block in a bit of the age-tender leather, thrust it into his pocket, and mounted to his saddle.

He was in no hurry to get away; he sat leaning upon the pony's neck, scowling down upon the wreck in the sun and upon the spreading expanse of barrenness, trying to imagine the scene of the fight.

The bottle lay glaring offensively in the sunlight. Betts drew his revolvers and began shooting infinitesimal flakes of glass from the broken edge, using his weapons alternately, with both hands; then he rode in a circling gallop around the site of the camp, delivering some fancy shots at his target. Not a ball missed its aim; nick by nick the bottle grew smaller, until he had twice emptied both his pistols, and there was left only the disc of the bottom. He made his horse charge at full speed, flung himself recklessly down, grasped the disc and threw it far into the air. Before it descended he fired, and the glass flew into splintering fragments.

His exercise had left him hot, dusty, and wet with sweat; but he seemed well satisfied. He refilled the empty cylinders, and sat wiping the dripping moisture from his face and neck. "I wish I'd been there," he said, speaking aloud, in the habit of one much alone. "If I'd been there with my guns, maybe things wouldn't have happened as they did—or maybe they'd have got me, too. Anyway, I wish I'd been there." A sudden fierce light shone in his eyes, and his shoulders were squared. "By God!" he cried. "If I've got to have a racket on my own account, I'd give my summer's pay if it could come right now, while I'm in the notion. I wouldn't run away this time; I'd stay right here and have it out."

II.

A sincere friendship had grown up between Betts and Jimmy Bromley, increasing with each day of their association. Betts was grateful for the lad's timely word in his behalf; but quite apart from that, he was attracted by Jimmy's bubbling spirits and warm-heartedness. He seemed hungry for that sort of companionship, and, on his side, Jimmy accepted the growing friendship without critical analysis. He liked the handsome stranger; and that was enough. They were together as chance offered, in the odd hours about the camp. Betts seemed not to think of the end; it came as a shock when, after a month, as they sat talking in the early twilight, at the close of the day's work, Jimmy said, without preamble:

"Say, Brad, I'm going to quit you next week."

Betts turned abruptly, his eyes alive, his lips parted. "You don't mean it, Kid?"

"Yes, I must go. I've overstayed my time now. I should have gone back the middle of September; but I was sick a good deal last spring, and dad wanted me to stay until I got strong again. I'll go down to the ranch-house Monday and start back East Wednesday or Thursday."

Betts fell into silence, staring at the faint line of rosy light that lingered in the west. "I'll miss you, boy," he said by and by. "It'll be hard to get along without you. Why, you've got less than a week to stay! This is Tuesday, isn't it? Only five more days. I'll miss you more than you know."

And later, when they were preparing for bed in their wagon, he spoke again: "Say, can't you ride out with me to-morrow? I shan't see much more of you, and I'd like to have one good day."

"Why, of course I'll go," said Jimmy. "I'll ride with you every day, if you like, while I'm here. Why didn't you say before that you wanted it? Of course I'll go with you."

In the morning they left camp together. Betts' mood had changed entirely over night. He was recklessly high-spirited; a flush of color was in his tanned cheeks; he shouted aloud; he whistled vagrant scraps of melody from quaint Mexican dance music.

"I'm glad I'm alive, Kid!" he cried. "Life's worth while, on a day like this. I shouldn't want to change places now with any ghost I ever knew." Then, upon some whimsical suggestion in his own speech, he struck into a song, swinging his lithe body back and forth in the saddle, in time to the broken cadence of the air. The words were perfect nonsense:

"I wish I were a hippopot-ay-mus,
And could swim the broad Euphrates and eat gra-as."

But Jimmy drew rein, catching his breath in surprise.

"Say, Brad, where on earth did you get that?"

"What? That song? *That!* Oh, I just remembered it. The Freshmen used to sing that at Amherst."

"They sing it yet!" the boy cried.

"Why, Brad, you don't mean to tell me

"Yes, I do. Mine was the class of '81." He glanced askance at his companion, his eyes dancing with quick excitement.

"Well, but—" Jimmy did not know how to go on, though he fidgeted under the prick of many starting questions.

"You needn't say it. I know what you mean," Betts interposed. "'Twas luck; that's all—nothing but luck. Amherst doesn't teach its children much about luck. We've got to find out all that afterwards. That doesn't seem right. In my time, they taught us to be cocksure that we could step right out, the day after commencement, and set our feet on the world's neck. That's what fooled me. I've thought that if I ever strike it rich I'll leave my money to found a Chair of Luck somewhere, so the youngsters can get the sort of education they really need when they have to shift for themselves."

There was a faint flavor of bitterness in his voice; but he put that aside with an effort. "Tell me things, Kid," he commanded, gently, and the morning sped on airy wings.

"But I can't see why you're burying yourself out here in this waste," Jimmy urged, after a time. "You don't belong here."

Betts affected indifference. "Oh, I don't know. It's mighty hard to tell where a man does belong. I used to think I'd do something different from this, maybe. Every boy has his notions. But then I've got no particular fault to find with sheep-herding. Sheep don't misjudge a man, for one thing; he doesn't have to bother himself about their opinions. Besides, it's an honest life. It does as well as anything, if a man isn't swelled up with ideas about Destiny, and all that. I've thought it all out, and I reckon this is where I'll stay, if nothing happens. I'm satisfied."

Their saddle pockets were supplied with food, and at noon Betts loosened the flap of his pouch and began to munch in the haphazard fashion to which he had grown used. Jimmy looked on for a moment; then he said:

"Say, that's no way to eat."

"Why?" Betts questioned. "It doesn't matter."

"It does matter! It'll spoil your table manners. You won't get me to eat in any such border-ruffian style as that. Here; get down out of your saddle, and shell out what



"'A poor little kid, too,' he said, softly. He stood holding the token in his hand, looking at it with serious eyes."

you've got. I'll show you. We're going to have a spread—a regular, old-fashioned spread."

They made their horses stand together, and sat in the shelter of the beast's united shadows. From the pocket of his shirt Jimmy drew a big handkerchief of cream-colored silk, which he laid upon the sand for a cloth, and upon this he arranged their food, regarding the effect gleefully.

"I wish She could see us," he said. He pointed to an elaborate initial embroidered with gold thread in one corner of the handkerchief. "One of the girls at Smith did that for me. A fine girl, too, Brad. She's the one I'd like to have see us now. She lives in Springfield. She hasn't any more of an idea what the plains are like than she has of Timbuctoo. But she's a fine girl.

You know the girls of Smith. They're the choicest in the world; and I've got in the way of thinking that she's about the pick of the lot." It was a boy's ardent speech, made without restraint.

"Yes, I know 'em," Betts answered. A

wasn't." He raised himself upon his elbow for a straight glance into the boy's expectant face. "Look here, Kid; I reckon you think I'm all kinds of a fool, don't you? But that isn't true. I'm wise, even if I have acted queer. I spoke about my luck a while



"Betts had his revolver in his hand at last, and seeming to realize the unequal nature of the race, he fired."

dogged grimness lay upon his face for a time, while he watched Jimmy gathering bits of dry brushwood and kindling a tiny fire for the preparation of coffee; but he soon forced a return to a more cheerful aspect, and the modest meal was eaten in gayety. At the last, Jimmy held aloft the canteen filled with black coffee.

"The girls of Smith!" he cried. He drank, and passed the canteen to Betts. "Drink hearty, old man!" he urged, and Betts drained the liquor to its dregs. After that there followed another period of silence. Betts lay at length upon his back, peering into the vast depths of the sky, while Jimmy amused himself with a handful of dry sand, waiting for what might come.

"Yes," the man said, presently; "I suppose you'll do something big after a while. Of course you will; it'll come natural to you. Some men are made that way. I

ago. It was no evil or fault of mine. You see, just when I was through with my last year at college, and was getting ready to start life, my father died, and my mother died, too, the next month. Then I began to see things. I'd been a cheerful sort of an idiot, taking whatever they gave me and enjoying it. I wasn't ungrateful, nor reckless, nor bad. The trouble was, I wasn't very deep. When we came to settle up affairs we found that the good old man wasn't worth pennies where I'd always supposed he had dollars, and they'd been scrimping themselves for years to give me what they called a fair start. That's nothing new, maybe; but it galled me to think about it. I wished they'd let me know. Besides, I was disappointed in some people I'd known. Everything seemed to come on me all at once. I didn't have the heart to stay there and go on with the game, after that. I just quit

and pulled out West. That's all. It isn't much of a story, but I wanted you to know what there is of it."

At the close of the day, as they drew near to camp, driving the loitering herd, Betts was fairly jubilant. "It's all right, boy," he proclaimed. "I haven't lost my grip; don't you think it. I'll amount to something yet, when I get my bearings again, and you'll be pointing me out as your distinguished friend."

The next instant he brought his horse to a standstill, sitting stiffly upright in his saddle, his eyes narrowed, the muscles of his face drawn to high tension. "Who's that?" he asked. "Do you know him?"

A stranger was coming slowly toward them from the clustered wagons—a man heavily bearded and robust of frame, who sat his horse with the easy grace of an accustomed rider. He carried long pistols at his belt, and as he drew nearer he lifted one of those from his holster and held it in readiness upon his saddle horn.

"I want you, Betts," he called. "It's no use. Put up your hands."

For a second only Betts paused, irresolute; then he bent forward in his saddle, lying low and giving with his knees a signal that started his horse into a gallop. "Not much!" he shouted. "You've got to take me, if you want me!" He let his animal pick its own course, while he turned his head to keep watch upon his antagonist, and nervously strove to free the pistols at his own belt.

The stranger started in flying chase. He was better mounted than Betts. They had gone but a little way before it was apparent what the end must be, barring accidents. Betts had his revolver in his hand at last, and seeming to realize the unequal nature of the race, he fired. His pursuer's horse leaped into the air and pitched headlong, but the man cast himself clear and gained his feet, bringing both his pistols into instant action. It was soon over. Betts dropped his weapon, threw his arms about his horse's neck and clung there for a moment, then slipped slowly down and fell to the ground, where he lay quite still, while the startled beast flew on, the empty stirrups flapping.

Jimmy had been rigid with surprise and fear. When Betts fell, his captor ran to him, bending down to see what he had wrought. Men were running from camp, shouting; but Jimmy moved far in advance. The stranger had torn open the fallen man's

coarse shirt, and was trying to check the blood that burst from a bullet wound through the right breast. Betts' eyes were closed and his face ashen; but he was alive; his chest was swelling with the heavy labor of breathing.

With a cry of horror, Jimmy dropped to his knees.

The man glanced up briefly from his task. "It's all regular," he declared. "I call you to witness he shot first, after I'd warned him. I was goin' to take him without no shootin', if I could."

"Take him?" Jimmy repeated. "What did you want to take him for?"

"Forgery and embezzlement. It's all regular," the other insisted. "I've got papers for him in my pocket." He turned in momentary apprehension to the stern-faced men gathering about. "Let's have order, boys. Don't make any fuss. My name's Maxwell. I'm from Santa Fé. I just heard last week about him bein' up this way, an' I've come straight from Cheyenne. Here's my warrant an' requisition." He passed a packet of papers to Jimmy's hand, then went on with his work. When the strong rush of blood was stopped, he rose to his feet.

"Satisfied?" he asked. "If you are, I'll have to get some of you to lend a hand. Bring a blanket, somebody, to carry him on. We can't handle him rough." In a rude man's fashion, he was tender enough of the body. As they moved slowly toward camp, Jimmy detained him.

"Are you quite sure?" he asked.

"Sure? About him. Certain. He's my man. I been after him since a year ago last August. He'll tell you so himself."

When the body was laid upon its bed in one of the wagons, Maxwell made another and more careful examination.

"I ain't doctor enough for this," he announced, presently. "We better get one, quick as we can. It's pretty bad. Looks as if it might have cut the lungs. I don't know as it's any use, particular, but we better try. I'll have to ask one of you fellows to hike out an' hunt a doctor. I don't know the country like you do. I'll pay. I got the money to pay for anything you do."

Betts' eyes came open and were turned slowly from one to another of the faces above him. Jimmy stooped and took the man's hand in his own. "Well, Brad?" he asked, gently.

A faint smile played hide and seek in the drawn lines of Betts' face as he met the

look of his friend, and the grasp of his fingers tightened. "Don't you go, Kid," he whispered. "You stay here. I may need you." The words were full of the pleading note of surrender that the human soul utters in extremities. A man may not fear death, but he longs to have a friend at hand to see that he is not afraid.

Two of the men rode away in haste, to search for a doctor—a difficult quest in that wide and thinly-settled region. Those who remained went about their work in unwonted quiet. The cook was much behind-hand with supper. When it was ready at last, the men gathered to their places and ate stolidly. Even sorrowful calamity could not abate their healthy need for food; but the usual noisy cheer of mealtime was wanting.

Jimmy had not left his place at Bett's side, nor unwound his hand from the man's clinging fingers. Night was deepening, and the interior of the wagon was in darkness, save for the soft, ruddy glow of a brush-wood fire that had been kindled upon the ground at a little distance. Jimmy bent over and drew the blankets closer about Betts's shoulders.

"Thank you, Kid," Betts said, lowly. "You're a good boy." Then, after an uneasy pause, "I guess it's no use. I guess I'm going to wink out."

"Oh, hush!" Jimmy said, briskly. "Don't talk nonsense. There's a half century of life in you yet. You're no quitter, are you?"

"There's a lot in knowing when it's time to quit," Betts answered, wearily, "and Maxwell's given me a pretty stiff hint that my time's up."

"Hush!" Jimmy repeated. "You wait a while till they bring a doctor."

"All right," Betts said, with bravery.

Maxwell caught the sound of their speech, and came from the circle of the firelight to stand beside them.

"What's up?" he asked. "Does he want anything?"

"No," the boy answered: but Betts plucked at his sleeve.

"Tell him to keep away for a while," he whispered. "I want to talk to you." The man departed willingly, well pleased to get out of the haunting shadows and to sit and smoke by the fire. Jimmy bent over his companion.

"Don't try to talk," he urged. "It won't be good for you. Besides, there's no need of it." But Betts was obdurate.

"Yes, there is. I've got to talk. I'm not giving up; don't you think it for a minute.

Just the same, I know the chances are against me, and there's something I must tell you." With painful caution, he shifted his position, drawing nearer to the boy's side, breathing deeply, picking with nervous fingers at the folds of his covering. "You've been mighty good to me," he went on, presently. "I met you just when I needed some one, and you've been all that I needed. I never meant to tell this to anybody; but I'm going to tell you. I don't know what makes me feel this way, but you're the only one I've trusted since I came West, and I've always thought I'd like to have you know just what I am. I reckon Maxwell's told you what he shot me for. You mustn't feel hard toward him. I'd have done the same thing, in his place, and so would you—so would anybody that had any respect for his duty. But then, he doesn't know the whole story, and I want you to get it straight, so when you take a notion to remember me you'll know what to think. See? Only you must keep it to yourself." He was laboring with his words, speaking between languid pauses, as though the effort was too great for his strength.

"Never mind, Brad," Jimmy said, heartily. "You needn't feel obliged to tell me anything to make me think well of you. I do that now, and I always shall, no matter what anybody says."

Betts gave a short laugh—a laugh without any mirth in it. "No, no! Don't try to stop me. It'll do me good to tell it. If you only knew how tired and lonesome I've been, keeping my mouth shut about it, and just waiting for something to happen."

He put his hand into his trousers pocket and brought forth the alphabet block, wrapped in the bit of leather. "Open it up," he said. "Can you see what it is?"

Jimmy squinted at it in the dim light. "'J' and 'K,'" he said. "Yes, I see."

"It belonged to a baby," Betts explained, "and the baby belonged to a woman that used to be one of the girls at Smith. I thought a heap of her, those days, and she used to think something of me, too, till she changed her mind. I never changed my mind. We were to be married, after I'd set myself up in the world; but then, a little while after my folks died, I found out it was no go. She'd found a man she liked better; that's all. She stayed home and married him, and I went to New Mexico. That's what I meant when I told you I'd been disappointed. It's happened to lots of men, I reckon; but it had never happened to me



"Night was deepening, and the interior of the wagon was in darkness, save for the soft, ruddy glow of a brushwood fire."

before, and it cut me all up. Say, Kid, look at the sky!"

The stars had been brilliant. Now they were paling, and the eastern horizon was glowing with a golden light, that spread over the wide landscape and glorified it. "It's the moon," Jimmy said. "She'll be up pretty soon, and it'll be cheerfuller out here."

Betts lay staring intently through the opening in the wagon cover as he went on slowly. "I went down to New Mexico and knocked around there for a year or so, one place and another. I got acquainted with all kinds of people, and lived pretty much as they did, till after a while I began to get all fagged out. I drank some, and once in a while I'd take a hand in a game. Those things seem to come natural, when a man's getting reckless. I wasn't clear gone, though, because by and by I brought myself up with a short hitch. 'Here, you chump, you've got to quit this,' I says to myself. 'You've got to be a man.' I went to Santa Fé then, and got work in the railroad offices. I straightened up, and I didn't go bad any more. I could do the work, and I got along all right. After a while I got advanced, and I kept advancing till I had a good place. I suppose I'd be there yet, if it hadn't happened that one day I got a letter from this girl. She'd found out where I was, and she wrote that her husband was sick, back there

in Connecticut. She asked me to get him work if I could, so he could try a new climate. I had them come out to Santa Fé, and put him to work under me. It seemed like a curious thing for her to ask, don't you think? She did it, though, and she was mighty grateful to me, and so was he. He used to bother me to go home with him in the evenings, and sometimes I'd go.

"They had a little girl, about a year old, and the youngster seemed to like me first rate—she'd freeze to me as soon as I got in the house, and neither of 'em could get her away from me. I couldn't have loved her better if she'd been mine. That block—the only thing I ever stole in all my life—I stole from that baby. I was down on the floor with her one night, building her a playhouse, and I slipped one of the blocks in my pocket. I wanted it."

He fell into a brooding silence, knotting his fingers together, and struggling for repression. "It's a hard thing to say," he went on; "but that man wasn't of much account. You've seen fellows, haven't you, that you knew were weaklings? He was one of 'em. Right from the first I didn't like him. I had no faith in him. I didn't need any proof that he'd break under any decent kind of a strain. I tried not to show how I felt, though, because there was a chance I was wrong, and then, besides, there was no reason why I should show my feelings.

"That part doesn't much matter. I guess that before they came down there, he hadn't known anything about what there'd been between the girl and me. I never said anything about it, of course; but he found out some way, and he soured on me—got real mean and ugly. I quit going to the house, and it got so that he wouldn't even speak to me any more. I wasn't so awfully sorry, because I hadn't been getting much real comfort out of it, except with the baby. I missed her, sure; I missed her a lot.

"Well, it went along for three or four months after that, and then one day I stumbled on a shortage in my papers in the office. I couldn't trace it without asking questions, and I didn't want to do that just then. I had five or six men under me. I kept my mouth shut, and straightened up the balances on the papers and sent 'em in to the auditor, till I could get time to look into it. But it happened again, next month, only it was a sight worse, and I found out it was this man I'm talking about. I'd been afraid of it. He thought he was working it easy, between my office and the bank, making changes in the deposit slips after I'd O. K.'d 'em. I hadn't been looking for such things; 'twas just an accident that I got on to it at all. But it's different with a railroad auditor; he's suspicious of everybody, and he doesn't take anything for granted. I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to be the one to call attention to it, and maybe get all the boys mixed up in trouble. After I'd thought it over I made up my mind I'd just send the papers in as they were, without trying to doctor 'em or explain 'em, and let the auditor's office trace it up, if they found the shortage. They found it all right. This chap was a good deal of a fool. He knew enough to fix up a clever scheme, but he didn't know that you can't fool a railroad auditor. Two or three days after I got a tip from a friend of mine at headquarters that there was a detective working on the business. They hadn't sent the papers back, hadn't said a word to me, as I expected they would. I felt pretty bad. I knew it would go hard with the fellow, if it was ever sifted down to him, and it was bound to get to him at last, if nothing happened. So—I don't know what made me do it, exactly. I suppose I was an ass. I sent word to this chap to keep his eyes open, and then I skinned out. It might as well have been me as any of the others. I thought likely the detective would begin by hunting up the records of all of us in the office, and

he'd find out how I'd been living before I went there. Anyway, I didn't have a wife to look after, nor a baby; so I lit out. I've been running away mostly ever since, and they've been after me. They never let up, once they get on a man's trail."

He stopped awkwardly. The moon was free of the low line of the sandhills, and in the soft light Betts studied the boy's face intently. "Thunderation!" he said, bravely. "Don't, Kid! It isn't so bad as that. I don't care any more. I only wanted you to know."

Jimmy gathered the relaxed hands into his own. "Brad Betts!" he cried. "You're a——" But the word was not to be found.

Betts laughed. "Yes, that's what I am. I've known it for a long time. But that isn't all. I want you to do something for me. I've got a couple of papers with me that I've been carrying, thinking maybe I might want to use 'em, in case this fellow should happen to go dead before I did, or anything like that. They're sewed up in the lining of my boot—this one. I wish you'd get 'em out and keep 'em for me, and if things turn out so that I don't need 'em, I want you to burn 'em. Don't look at 'em. I don't want you to see the man's name, because there might come a time when you'd be sorry. Just burn 'em. If I get well, and have to stand trial— Well, you keep 'em, and if I want 'em I'll let you know. I trust you, Kid."

The night was vast—such as is known in nature's fastnesses. The sky was of that rich hue that is neither black nor azure—that cannot be named with certainty; a hue that belongs only to the sky of a moonlight night in high altitudes. The moon was near the full, and in its wizard light the plain appeared no longer commonplace or desolate, but stretched away and away, a land of formless mystery, from whose far recesses strange voices called. Jimmy sat for a long time looking on this beauty, and thinking of the man beside him. He turned at last and laid his hand upon Betts' fevered forehead.

"You can trust me, Brad," he said. "I'll do what you want." And with that assurance Betts fell asleep.

It was within an hour of midnight when Maxwell came out again from the fireside. Jimmy was seated cross-legged upon the ground, before the wagon, and the burly officer sat down beside him.

"How's he doin'?" he softly questioned. "Sleepin', is he? That's good. Want I should watch now, an' let you turn in for a spell?"

"I'm not tired," Jimmy returned. "I'd rather sit up than not."

"That's what I supposed. He wants it, too, likely; an' it's better to humor a man in his fix." He peered within at the quiet figure. "Pretty hard lines, by George! I've had to shoot quite a few men, one time an' another, but I swear I never did enjoy it, an' I never enjoyed it less than I do right now. He's no bad one. I've knowed him a long time, down below. Nobody can make me believe he didn't deserve something better than a bullet, if only the whole story was knowed. But then, what could I do? Nothin'. The law said, 'Shoot,' an' shoot I did."

Betts stirred in his bed, calling faintly, "Hello, Max; are you out there? You needn't be so shy. I've got no grudge. Why can't you act sociable?"

Maxwell crowded his bulky shoulders through the narrow opening. "That's just like you, Brad! But, by thunder! it makes me feel terrible bad, just the same. You know that."

"Yes, I know. We'll skip over that. I haven't any grudge, I tell you. What's the news from down Santa Fé way?"

"Oh, nothin' much. It's the same old town. You know nothin' ever happened while you was there, an' it don't yet. The railroad got a new man in your place. Some kind of a Dutchman, he is, an' awful hard to get along with. One of the boys told me a while ago he wished you was back, an' I reckon they all feel pretty much that way. That's about all the news you'd care for, special—except mebbe that chap that went wrong with the bottle. That happened before you came away, didn't it?"

"I don't remember," Betts answered, listlessly. "Who was it? Anybody that I knew?"

"You must 've knowed him, sure. He worked in your office for a while—a little, thin chap, with specs. Martin, or Murray, or some such name."

Betts turned suddenly, and his interest took fire. "Not—Jack Morrow?" he gasped.

"Sure. That's the name. I thought it had happened in your time. It's over a year ago, anyway."

"What about it? What did he do?"

"Oh, nothin' particular, only he went plum to the dogs. He wasn't very stout, you know, an' seems as if he took to bracin' himself up with drink, an' in a little while he was drinkin' like a pile o' dry sand. He

lost his place, an' had a mighty hard shift for a while, an' his wife done sewin', 'n such like, for a livin', till she took sick an' died. I don't know what became of him, after that. Nobody does. He got wild-crazy with whisky an' went away somewheres or other, an' left his kid for the town to take care of. She's in the asylum, down there. Anybody else you want to know about?"

Betts did not answer, and after a moment's wait Maxwell withdrew to the open air. "He's gone to sleep again. It's the best thing for him. I believe I could take a little wink myself, if you're bound you want to set up."

But Betts was not asleep. When the officer was gone, he spoke.

"Kid, did you hear? You heard what Max said? That was the man! Think of it: A whole year! Oh, if I'd only known about it!" In his excitement he tried to rise, but fell back, half fainting with pain and weakness. Jimmy was at his side, supporting him, and fearing the end.

"Wait!" he said. "Don't move. Wait till I get help."

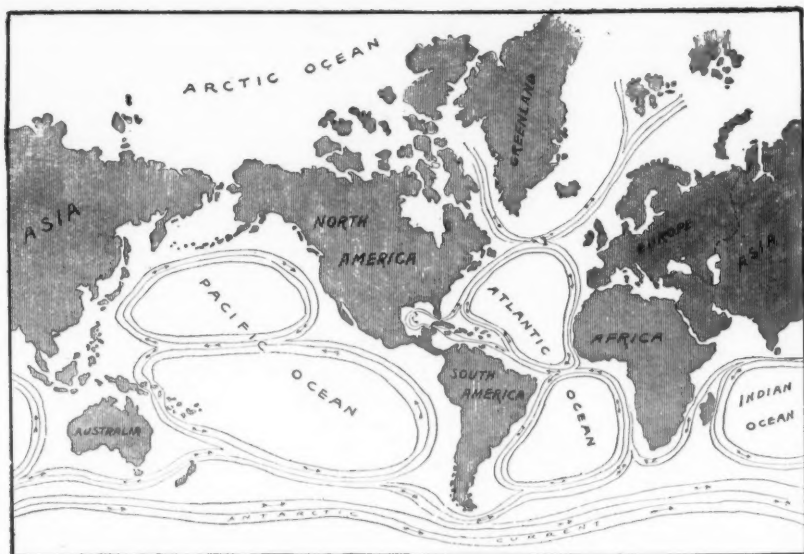
"No, no!" Betts urged. "I don't want help. I'm all right. You just sit where you are, and let me think. You needn't bother about those papers now. Let 'em stay in my boot. I've got some use for 'em now, and for myself, too. I've changed my mind, Kid. I think I'll stay on earth for a while."

One afternoon in the next March, as Jimmy sat in his room at Amherst, busy with his books, Betts came in unheralded—Betts regenerated. All the old-time doggedness was gone from his face; it was alight with courage, purpose and happiness. He led by the hand a tiny girl, whose sweet face peeped from close wrappings of fur.

No man could write adequately of the friends' greeting. When the first fervor was past, Betts lifted the child in his arms.

"What do you think of this, Kid?" he asked, fondly. "This is Martha Betts. She's mine, by ginger! I've adopted her, and I've got something to live for. Sure! Oh, it's a pretty good old world, after all, even if its wheels do want oiling once in a while." His eyes were glistening, as he pressed the baby against his breast. "We love each other, don't we, little girl?"

The wee hands patted the man's cheeks endearingly, and the answer came with ecstasy: "Ess, we do!"



"But the abiding romance of the ocean river becomes most vividly apparent when we realize its effect on our lives to-day, when we think that even now the habits of the world depend upon great swirling masses of water which flow around the earth like wheels in a huge mechanism."

RIVERS OF THE OCEAN

By THEODORE WATERS

IN the ocean the longest way 'round is oft-times the shortest way home. For instance: If a United States transport were to leave San Francisco for China, the most logical course would seem to be straight west across the north Pacific to the land of the Boxers. In fact, she would be steered to the southwest along the Equator and past the Philippines to the Asian coast. This course would be several hundred miles longer, yet it would take the vessel to her destination much quicker than the straight course. In the one case she would be going with the current; in the other she would be going against the current. The ocean is not a simple pathless expanse, over which short cuts may be made, but a system of highways, crossways, and even blind alleyways, which have been surveyed and laid out by nature herself. And the ships of the world are compelled to follow these paths or have the no-thoroughfare warning enforced according to the most inexorable code in existence.

Columbus unconsciously followed one of these highways, the equatorial current, and

it forced him to discover America. Having once got into the grasp of this great ocean river it was easier for him to go ahead than to return to Spain; and, had he known a little more of the habit of the sea, he might have taken advantage of the northern branch of this same current to carry him back to Europe. In fact, the currents of the Atlantic would sooner or later have forced European sailors to discover America—the equatorial current would have brought them here, the Gulf Stream would have taken them home—just as thousands of years previously the Japan current brought castaways from Asia to our western coast. Herein we get an inkling of the vast importance of this subject of oceanography. There is almost no example of the world's growth—politically, commercially or socially—in which the influence of ocean currents cannot be traced, directly or indirectly.

First, the distribution of animals on the globe has been influenced by ocean currents. The presence of the same species on widely separated continents has caused naturalists to argue the former presence of a land

bridge between the two hemispheres, but recent accounts of how great sections of land have broken away from the mouths of rivers and in the form of floating islands have drifted across seas laden with plants and animals, point conclusively to the probable agency of the current. Man himself in his primitive condition might have used such means for journeying from continent to continent. At least, the peopling of America was accomplished by ocean currents, for unless the prehistoric redman was the product of a distinct evolutionary stock he must have come to this country as a passenger on the Japan current. And many of those food products of the sea on which the savage subsists he can obtain only through the good agency of the current.

Coming down to less speculative matters, it may be said positively that were it not for the Gulf Stream, England would have been unfit climatically to have attained her present powerful position among European nations, for it is only the steady onrush of this ocean river carrying the warmth of the tropics from the Straits of Florida across the Atlantic to Northern Europe, that makes the climate of England so much warmer than the climate of Labrador, although the two countries lie between the same parallels of latitude. The general climate of Europe has been correspondingly modified, and with this must be reckoned all attendant changes in racial characteristics. The political significance of the ocean current thus becomes clearly outlined.

But the abiding romance of the ocean river becomes most vividly apparent when we realize its effect on our lives to-day, when we think that even now the habits of the world depend upon great swirling masses of water which flow around and around the earth like wheels in a huge mechanism regulating the commercial system, affecting the ultimate speed of ocean liners, providing possible means for discovering the north pole, adding to the perils of the sea by hurling huge logs, stray rafts and derelicts into the transatlantic steamer routes, altering the tracks of storms, such as that which destroyed Galveston, and even, as will be shown, providing future generations with coal. In short, so important are the ocean rivers in any consideration of the general economy of life that thousands of observers, officially for the various governments, and unofficially in the interest of science and commerce, are engaged in studying them,

in order to exact the maximum of their usefulness.

The United States Government is making a concerted effort to obtain information concerning ocean currents by observing the conduct of sealed bottles thrown overboard to drift. The bottles are distributed by shipmasters who co-operate with the Hydrographic Office. Each bottle contains a printed blank on which is written the date, the latitude and longitude where it is set adrift. The blanks or bottle papers are printed with instructions in six languages, so that if the bottle be picked up by a sailor of whatsoever nationality he will readily understand enough of its object to write on the paper the date, the latitude and longitude of the spot where he finds it, and to forward it to some American consul, who, in his turn, will send it to the Hydrographic Office in Washington. Here the drift of the bottle as indicated by the filled-in blank will be projected on a bottle-paper chart. This system has been in operation for years, and the result is a series of charts, covered not with numberless criss-cross streaks, but with long lines running almost parallel with one another, showing how after each bottle floated into the path of an ocean river, it followed the stream as accurately as though the latter were enclosed in precipitous banks, instead of being bounded merely by a medium of its own kind.

The voyages of these bottles are in many cases remarkable. Some travel slowly and remain years in the water. Others go swiftly to the spot where they are found and get back to Washington within a few weeks of their departure. Some are picked up in mid ocean. Some roll out on island beaches. Many are found on the mainland. One bottle thrown into the Gulf Stream, November 16, 1896, was recovered March 26, 1898. In the meantime it floated 4,700 knots, its average daily drift being 9.5 knots. Another bottle made 4,500 knots between September, 1894, and May, 1897. Still another drifted 4,000 knots at the rate of 22.7 a day for the 181 days intervening between March 11 and September 8, 1897. The swiftest daily drift was made by a bottle thrown overboard from the steamship *Frederik Hendrik*, May 7, 1899. When it was picked up six days later it had traveled 190 miles, or over thirty-one miles a day.

Perhaps the most significant drift was that made by a bottle thrown overboard from *L'Hirondelle*, by the Prince of Monaco, who spends most of his time investigating

ocean rivers. This bottle was cast adrift July 28, 1887, just off the Banks of Newfoundland. It was picked up October 8, 1894. Meanwhile it had floated eastward across the Atlantic toward the Bay of Biscay. It described a great circle skirting the coast of Spain, passing between the Canary Islands, under the shadow of the peak of Teneriffe, down past the Cape de Verde Islands and westward to the West Indies, where it brought up finally on San Salvador. It traveled 5,700 miles in 2,625 days. But it did more. It rediscovered America. That is, after going over to Spain, it followed the route of Columbus, and it justified clearly the contention that he discovered America more by reason of a favoring current than by his skill as a navigator.

A large number of the bottles have drifted in a direction similar to that of the bottle thrown overboard by the Prince of Monaco. They seem determined to describe a great

circle in the ocean, floating around and around from left to right between the continents. All the charts show these circles which the currents themselves have caused the bottles to describe. In looking them over you are struck first by the coincidence. Then the possibility of a law which might govern the drift of the bottles suggests itself to you, and, finally, when a fuller conception of the system is vouchsafed, you awaken with awed astonishment to the fact that you are in possession of the key to perhaps the most stupendous piece of mechanism on earth.

Can it be? You wonder. Taking up one chart after another, you hasten to confirm your impression. Up and down and around the various oceans you trace with your finger the bottle tracks. Yes, there they are, always following the same courses, circling in one direction or the other according to the law. How wonderful the unseen force. How

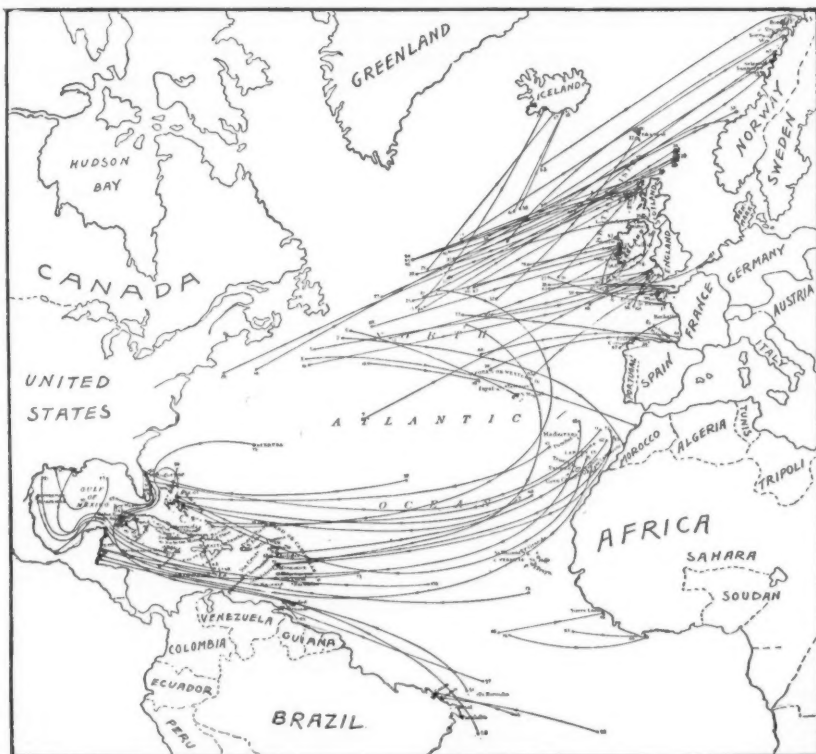
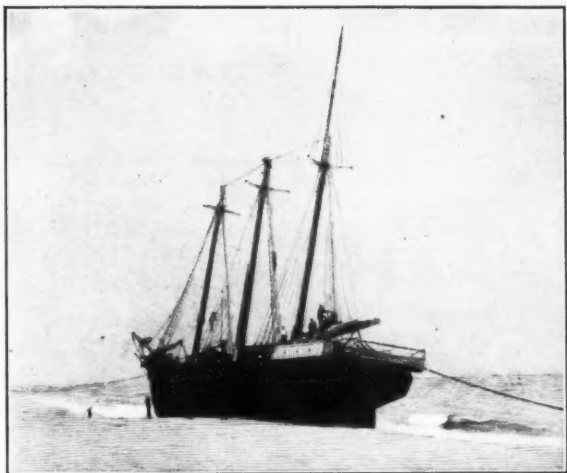


Chart of the North Atlantic, Showing the Paths of Floating Bottles Distributed by the Hydrographic Office.

thoroughly the type of irresistibility. How convincing an example of the eternal interdependence of all parts of the universe. Yet, withal, how easy to comprehend. Allowing for the difference in perspective, this great terrestrial machine works upon a principle even more simple than that of your watch.

Take a map of the world and look upon the Atlantic Ocean where the Equator crosses from Africa to South America. This is the region of what sailors call the "trades," those steady-blowing breezes which, with only occasional intervals of calm, go bowling across the tropical Atlantic from east to west. The trade winds push along a great body of water in the same westerly direction. It flows from the coast of Africa to the coast of South America, and is known to seafarers as the equatorial current. When this current reaches Cape San Roque, the easternmost point of Brazil, it divides, part of it flowing in a northerly and part in a southerly direction. The north branch flows up the coast and between the Windward Islands to Cuba on the point of which it splits again, part of it going to the north and part into the Gulf of Mexico. Describing a semi-circle, the Gulf branch flows out again through the Straits of Florida; rejoining the part which went to the outside of Cuba. Under the name of the Gulf Stream, warm with tropical heat and swift as a land-bordered river, it flows northward off the coast of the United States towards the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, after which, with a widening radius and a lessening force, it moves across the Atlantic toward Northern Europe. On its way to the British Isles it meets with a stream of cold water moving south from the Arctic Ocean, and part of it is deflected with the cold water from the north, southward along the western front of Europe, and down to the tropics, where it merges with the parent equatorial current on its way back to America. In short, North Atlantic bottle papers indicate that there is a great swirl or circle of water, a huge

hemispherical whirlpool moving around and around between the two continents in the direction of the hands of a clock, if the latter were laid on its back. This great eddying circle surrounds a region of calms, and



Schooner *Lucy W. Snow* Ashore.

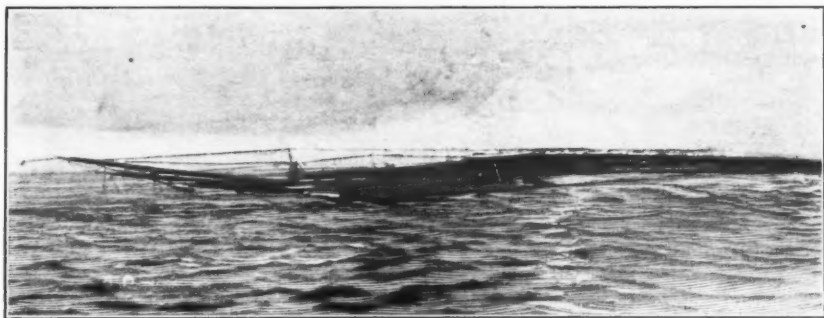
in the center of it all is that mystical region of floating seaweed, greater in extent than the United States, and full of the romance of centuries—the Sargasso Sea.

As far as the limitations of human life are concerned, the flow of this circle of ocean rivers is as eternal as the movement of the stars. It is quite certain that if you were to throw a corked bottle into the Gulf Stream it would ultimately, escaping incidental dangers and obstacles, such as the propellers of ocean liners, or the beaches of northern Europe, come down and around and over the Equator to the Gulf of Mexico and back to the place where you cast it forth. The bottle thrown overboard by the Prince of Monaco almost completed the circle, and in their zigzag way derelicts have often made the circuit of the Sargasso Sea, as may be proved by charts plotted from reports of sea captains who have sighted the wanderers. But remarkable as the circular movement of these waters may seem, however, it is only an item in the whole system, a single wheel in the earth-wide machine.

That part of the equatorial current which splits off on Cape San Roque flows southward along the shore of South America to the neighborhood of the La Plata River, where

it is met by a cold current flowing up from Cape Horn, and is deflected in a circle eastwardly to the coast of Africa. Here, with new additions, it turns to the north and joins the parent equatorial current—from which it started, completing, as will be observed, a whirlpool similar to that in the North Atlantic, only flowing in an opposite

then north to complete its cycle. This wheel of water is geared to the general oceanic circulation by means of a belt of south-flowing water which flows through the Mozambique Channel, and down around the point of Africa, where, as the Agulhas current, it enters the Atlantic, where the latter borders on the Antarctic Ocean. Another



The Bark *La Escocesa*, Capsized After a Collision.

direction. The two together form a gigantic figure 8.

Now, precisely the same condition exists in the Pacific Ocean, only on a more widely extended scale. As in the Atlantic, the trade winds push a great equatorial current across the tropical regions. On reaching Asia this current divides, part flowing north and part south. The northern branch is the well-known Kuro Siwo (Blue Water), or Japan current, which flows in a great circle across the Pacific to the neighborhood of Vancouver, where it turns south along the Californian coast and joins the parent equatorial stream on its way westward. The southern branch flows down toward the east coast of Australia, meets an Antarctic current and, combining therewith, moves by a devious course to the South American coast, where, as the cold Humboldt current, it brings fog to the shores of Chile and Peru, follows the coast upward until it rejoins the current from the north and flows westward again under the influence of the equatorial trades. Like the current in the North Pacific, it has completed its cycle and helped to form two opposing swirls exactly like those in the Atlantic.

In the Indian Ocean there is a great wheel or swirl of water moving around and around. Like the others, it follows the Equator west, then it goes down the coast of Madagascar, east again to Australia, and

belt leaves the wheel on its southern edge and flows past Australia to join the swirl in the Pacific.

One more instance and our simile is complete. This time it is the fly-wheel of the whole oceanic machinery. It is the Antarctic current, which impinges on the southern edge of the inter-oceanic swirls and flows continuously under the influence of the anti-trade winds from west to east around the southern quarter of the earth.

It has been calculated that the five currents moving from the Equator carry away more than half the solar heat received in the tropics and redistribute it in the temperate zones. So that, keeping in your mind's eye the great hemispherical, edge-to-edge swirl of these currents, you can picture them as mighty cogwheels grinding away continually like the Clock of the Universe, governing the distribution of heat and cold over all the world.

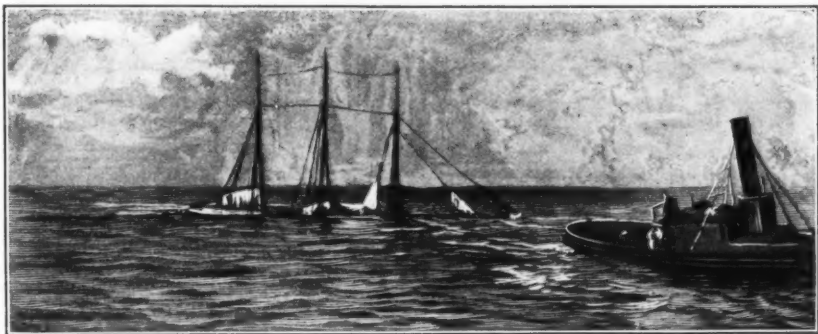
This, then, is the mission of the great machine. If there were no currents in the ocean there would still be what is known as oceanic drift, which is the slow but constant interchange of the warm water of the tropics and the cold water of the poles. It is due to difference in specific gravity between warm and cold water, the flattening of the earth at the poles, the rotation of the earth on its axis, and other causes. But the equalization ultimately brought about

by ocean drift would not be nearly as effective as that now maintained by the currents. From the standpoint of climate alone, the equilibrium as we know it now, would be disturbed. The best example of this is contained in London, which, were it on our own Pacific coast, would have to be one thousand miles south of its present latitude in order to enjoy its present climate. Yet our Pacific coast is heated to a certain extent by the Japan current. And if the latter were absent, the thousand-mile limit would have to be extended still farther south.

In one sense, the Kuro Siwo or Japan current is the most interesting in the world, because many oceanographers believe it was the direct means of peopling America. This much, at least, is certain: If a boat were to be set adrift on parts of the Asiatic coast and survived all storms the Japan current could be depended upon to carry it across the Pacific and deposit it on the American shore. Such a thing happened almost within the memory of man. In 1832 nine Japanese

are seen floating shoreward, with fantastic roots standing high above the waves. In places the logs are piled twenty feet high. They are generally without bark, which has been peeled off by the waves, and most of them have become white and heavy from impregnation with salt water. As they pile up, the sand drifts over them and gradually they sink out of sight and new beaches are formed. This process has been going on for ages, and the shore line is being steadily extended. Excavations along the beach show that the texture of the buried timber gets harder and harder the further in you go, until in some instances petrification has taken place. Other excavations show logs that have turned to coal.

The presence of Siberian driftwood on the shores of Greenland convinced Nansen that his idea of drifting across the Polar Sea in the *Fram* was logical. Great quantities of the wood are annually cast on the coasts of Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya, and there are tribes of Greenland Eskimos who depend



The Derelict Schooner *John Hancock* in Tow of Tugboat.

fishermen were left derelict and unable to find their way back to shore. They went with the current and after a drift lasting during several months they were carried to Hawaii.

Trees, torn by storms from the banks of Asiatic rivers, frequently float across the Pacific to the American coast. Between Kakatag and Kyak Islands, about 1,200 miles northwest of Seattle, enormous piles of this driftwood cover the beaches. There can be no question of the Asiatic origin of the timber. They are the trunks of the camphor tree, the mango and the mahogany. Logs 150 feet long and eight feet in diameter are frequently found. Many of them

for sledge runners and other wooden implements on the drift from Siberian forests. For years they depended for iron implements on the hoops of casks which came to them over seas.

A novel scheme for tracing the flow of Arctic currents is now being carried out by the Geographical Society of Philadelphia, under the leadership of Henry G. Bryant, the noted traveler. Commodore George W. Melville originated the idea. A large number of casks resembling twenty gallon beer kegs, with the ends tapering to spindle points and re-enforced with iron caps to strengthen them, have been placed on the ice pack north of Behring Strait and allowed

to go with the floes that possibly drift across the pole. The casks were placed in their positions by steam whalers, and by the United States revenue cutter *Bear*, and as Commodore Melville says: "There is no doubt they will come out somewhere. . . . At the end of four or five years we may begin to look for the beer kegs between Spitzbergen and Greenland."

Of all passengers carried by ocean currents floating islands are the most interesting. Many of them have been found voyaging on the Atlantic. These islands were originally parts of low-lying river banks

Florida, and apparently it had an area of two acres. It bore no trees, but it was thickly covered with bushes, and in one place it was thirty feet high above the sea level. It was in the Gulf Stream, traveling slowly and with occasional undulations to show where the ground swell was working beneath it. Probably it got away from its river anchorage in the spring of the year, for, towards the latter part of July it had reached the latitude of Wilmington, Delaware. No large animal life had been seen on it, though there must have been myriads of the small creeping things which abound

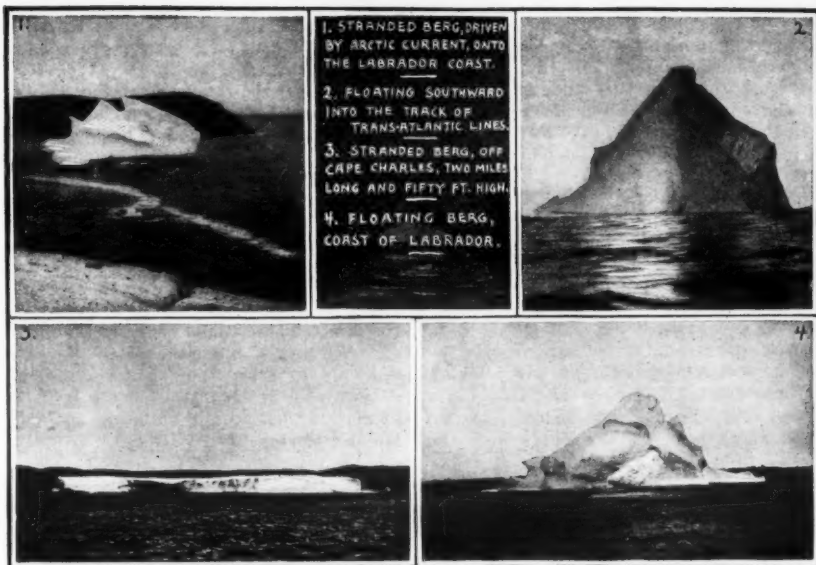


Map Showing Probable Arctic Currents.

which broke away under stress of storm or flood and floated out to sea. The Orinoco, the Amazon, the La Plata and other tropical rivers often send forth such pieces of their shores. Some of the bits of land are of large size and carry animals, insects and vegetation, even at times including trees, the roots of which serve to hold the land intact while their branches and leaves serve as sails for the wind. Generally the waves break up these islands shortly after they put to sea, but sometimes under favorable conditions, they travel long distances.

The longest voyage of a floating island, according to Government records, took place in 1893. This island was first seen off

in the tropics. By the end of August it had passed Cape Cod and was veering towards the Grand Banks. It followed the steamer lane routes quite accurately, and several vessels reported it. One month later it was in mid-ocean, northwest of the Azores, and its voyage evidently was beginning to tell on it. It was much smaller and less compact. It was not seen again, and probably it met destruction in the October gales. But it had traveled at least 1,000 miles, and if, as was thought, it came from the Orinoco, it must have covered twice that distance. It is quite possible that floating islands larger than this one, under more favoring circumstances, might during past ages have



made the complete journey from America to Europe or Africa and so brought about a distribution of animal species. Of course, it is not absolutely certain that this island went to pieces in October. It might, though this is not probable, have floated down into the region of calms and seaweed, where it would be longer preserved.

Icebergs sometimes float against the wind because only one-ninth of their bulk rears above the surface. The submerged portions reaching far down to where misleading under currents drift them along. Herein consists their greatest menace to navigation. They come down in the Atlantic with the cold Labrador current to the tracks of the ocean liners, but when they strike the water of the Gulf Stream and the warm, moist air that hangs over it, they are quickly dissipated. They are not, therefore, reliable monitors of oceanic drift as the mariner would know it, and except for chilling invincibility their romance is not nearly so human as that of the derelict.

Perhaps it is the natural instinct to personify every craft that floats—perhaps it is because they were once the domiciles of living beings, that makes human interest in derelicts universal. They are the embodiment of pathos, the menace of tragedy. From the slavery of man they have gone

forth to the freedom of the sea, which means, after all, that they are stumbling blindly on to that destruction which ultimately awaits all things which are without the law. Some of them last but a day; others float for years. The average number afloat is usually about twenty, but in 1873 an average of thirty-five a month was reported. Most derelicts are made off the coast of the United States in the Gulf Stream, and they are prone to follow in the wake of the liners. Often they follow the ocean river around its great circle, and many of them get into the Sargasso Sea.

The most notable derelict was the *Fanny E. Wolston*, a three-masted schooner, lumber-laden, which was abandoned October 15, 1891, and was last seen in 1894. She drifted at least ten thousand miles, following the great circle in a zig-zag way. In this she differed from the *W. L. White*, a schooner which was abandoned off Delaware during the blizzard of 1888. The *White* was a fast traveler and started immediately for Europe. At times she attained a speed of thirty-five miles a day. She floated first to the Grand Banks and hid in the fogs that hang over that region. She stayed doggedly in the mist, floating around and around in a comparatively small circle, looming up suddenly under the bows of liners, sending cold

terror to the hearts of fishermen, colliding now and then with other vessels and making a general nuisance of herself. After several months of this fun, she suddenly left one day and continued her journey to Europe, grounding at last on one of the New Hebrides after a cruise of ten months and a drift of 6,800 miles.

Then there was the *Fred B. Taylor*, a schooner cut in half off our coast by the steamship *Trave*. The people on the *Trave* waited to see the two parts sink, but, strangely enough, they remained afloat. They became separate derelicts, and each went on a voyage of its own. The stern stood high out of the water, and the wind blew it north, but the bow, sinking low, was carried south by the cold shore current which runs from Labrador south to Hatteras between the coast and the

Gulf Stream. The bow was destroyed off North Carolina. The stern grounded on Wells Beach.

And this is the romance and the reality of ocean rivers. They have their perils, to be sure, but their usefulness to humanity is too vast to take that into account. Inland rivers, big as some of them are, become as wayside streamlets in comparison with the Gulf Stream, the Kuro Siwo, or any other of the five great wheels, which govern so well our health and comfort, and excite so much our admiration and awe. So completely are they linked with the whole scheme of nature that the mind cannot really conceive the mighty changes that would take place were they suddenly to alter their courses. Such a catastrophe is comparable only with the cataclysm that would ensue if the earth stopped moving.

A STORY THAT HAWES TOLD

BY STEPHEN MOORE

THE boarding-house kept by Mrs. Ross on lower Madison Avenue had the character of distinct refinement. She would not undertake to care for more than fifteen guests at a time. Rarely did she lose a client, and just as rarely did a newcomer appear. Her rates were above the ordinary in order to make exclusiveness certain. In the dining-room, decorated in dark green, the members of the household sat at tables for two or three that were widely separated.

When Harry Fanning came in a few minutes late for dinner, with his friend, he looked at once towards Mrs. Ross' place. It was empty. He turned away to his own table where the colored waiter stood at attention.

"Good-evening, Mr. Fanning," said the man, bowing; "it's very hot for May, ain't it?"

"Yes, it is. Johnson, where's Mrs. Ross to-night?"

"Mrs. Ross is sick, Mr. Fanning. She eat some ice cream at luncheon, suh, and the doctor thinks that's what made her sick."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Johnson."

"Yes, suh. Will your friend sit here, Mr. Fanning?"

"Mr. Worthington, Johnson. He can have Mr. Hawes' chair, can't he?"

"Yes, suh."

"I'd like him to sit where he can see our nice dining-room."

"Yes, suh," and the negro grinned discreetly as he held the chair for Mr. Worthington.

"Johnson, when is Mr. Hawes coming back?"

"Mrs. Ross expected him yesterday, but he hasn't written no letter, so she said he might not be back for some time."

As soon as both gentlemen were seated Johnson took their order and began to serve dinner.

"I'm sorry you didn't meet Mrs. Ross," said Fanning to his friend. "I think you would be interested in her. She's a genius at running a boarding-house, and the most diplomatic woman I ever knew. Never lets her boarders get her into trouble, or themselves, either."

"Who's the Mr. Hawes you asked about?"

"He's the bank-teller I've often mentioned in my letters. He's the first boarder Mrs. Ross ever had and has always stayed here. The greatest man to spin yarns you ever listened to. Nice fellow, too. I think

he must buy every detective story and mystery story that's published. I never read stories now. I get Hawes to tell them to me. He likes to; and he skips the long-winded parts."

"Is he in your bank?"

"No; in the Chelsea Savings. Has a good berth, too."

"Are you and he very good friends?"

"I've known him two years, ever since I've been here. But nobody ever gets close to Hawes. He's a lonely kind of man; and ten years beyond me. I guess I know him as well as anybody here, though. We go on long walks Sundays, and go and come in each other's rooms. Yet I never could be chummy with him—I mean chummy like you and I are chummy, Worthie."

Archer Worthington took the tribute with an appreciative smile. They fell to talking of old times. They had not seen each other since Fanning left Indianapolis three years before. Lately Fanning had found a place in the bank for Worthington, who had migrated eastward to work and dwell henceforward within the sphere of the ocean's breath. This was a dinner of reunion, and Fanning had decided there could be no cozier corner than in Mrs. Ross' dining-room. Besides, Worthington had not yet chosen a boarding-house.

After they had drunk their coffee Fanning proposed that they go up to Hawes' room to smoke. It was at the back of the house, facing the evening breeze when there was any. To-night it was simply a languid aspiration.

They sat amid smoke clouds, looking out on the yards divided by white fences. They could hear the gurgle of a garden hose on this side and that, and the refreshing patter of the stream on the grass and plants. Now and then a cat picked its way, scoutlike, along the fence thoroughfare.

Twilight merged into dusk, and dusk into evening.

Fanning talked at length of his friendship with Hawes, and of the loneliness of his first year in New York. He was happy now that Worthington had come to live here, and he felt sure that Hawes and Worthington and he would form a trio of comrades. No one could help liking Hawes. He was the most popular man in the house as well as the oldest boarder. Since he had been called away suddenly a week ago to adjust the books of a branch bank in Syracuse not a dinner passed without inquiries about Hawes and the time of his return. Yet Mr. Hawes

was quiet and very reserved, and he seldom spoke more than a few words to the ladies in the dining-room.

As Fanning's talk rolled along, Worthington began to feel homesick. While the world under Mrs. Ross' roof remained strange and unknown it did not touch him. Gradually as Fanning's warm chatter familiarized him with the life and color and personality that abided here, Worthington realized that it was all alien to him. All the life, the color, the personal that belonged to him, he had left behind in his inland home.

"Harry," he interposed, finally, springing up from the leather arm-chair, "let's go out to a show or a roof garden. Anywhere so we can see something and smoke."

"All right," Fanning returned, rising languidly from his seat. "Where shall we go?"

The door of the room was pushed open quickly at this moment, and in the gloom a voice asked: "That you, Fanning?"

"Hello, Hawes. Heavens alive, I'm glad to see you. Here's my friend Worthington I told you of. Wait, I've got a match. Let me light it."

Fanning lighted two jets of the chandelier that hung in the middle of the room.

"I brought Worthie up because I knew we could get a breeze in your room."

"Oh, that's all right," said Hawes, as he released Worthington's hand after the introductory shake.

Worthington noticed that Hawes was tall, thin and muscular. His brown hair was trimmed close on the sides of his square, well-set head, and almost gone on the top. His stubby mustache bristled over a mouthful of white even teeth when he smiled.

"Say, Hawes," Fanning went on, briskly, "we were just thinking of going to a roof garden. Will you join us? Worthie's feeling a bit lonely, I guess."

"Sorry, Fanning, but I am not equal to a roof-garden to-night. I've been going like mad and I'm not done yet."

"Not done yet?" Fanning repeated.

"I have to go back to Syracuse to-morrow sometime."

"That's so? Too bad."

"Are you a bit homesick?" Hawes asked Worthington, smiling wearily.

"Oh, not so much," Worthington averred valiantly, shaking his shoulders.

"We know what it is, don't we, Fanning?"

For reply Fanning said, quickly:

"Hawes, I've a plan. In my room there's

a bottle of Scotch and a box of fine cigars. Worthie brought them to me. That's why I say they're fine. I'll bring the Scotch and cigars down here, we'll get some carbonic and ice from Johnson, and, Hawes, you'll tell us a story."

Hawes smiled at Fanning's enthusiasm. Worthington made polite allusion to the reputation of Hawes as a story-teller.

"Fanning," said Hawes, lighting his pipe, "I'm not in form. I'm played out. It isn't fair to try me on a new man to-night. . . . Yet I picked up a curious story since I've been away—"

Fanning rushed out of the room and they heard him leaping up the stairs.

Hawes did not begin his story until they had drunk a second round. He said he needed something to wake him up, or he would be falling asleep on their hands.

"Up New York State in a little place of about five hundred inhabitants, that we'll call Newtown, there was one big colonial house. This was about twenty or twenty-five years ago. Only three people lived in the house, a Mr. Morse, a man about fifty; his wife, a rather handsome woman, twenty years younger than her husband, and Mr. Morse's son by his first wife, a young fellow hardly twenty. The son was away at school or college most of the time, and Newtown folks didn't know much about him. They used to say that old Morse had retired after making a pile of money in the dry-goods business in New York. Anyway, the Morses lived well, kept horses and carriages, but never received any company. By and by it leaked out that old Morse was madly jealous of his wife. Nobody said a word against her, though, and I suppose if the women of that little place had got half a chance they would have painted her black enough without much trouble.

"Besides being jealous, old Morse had the reputation of being a miser. Newtown folks used to say he must have a mint in his cellar or in his mattresses. He never paid a bill when he could get out of it, discharged servants often without paying them, and kept their wages back as long as he could. He never went near the local church or gave a penny to it for the missions, the poor, or any cause. Newtown people weren't much surprised at that, however, because the minister was young and handsome, and had called one afternoon, when Morse was away, to get Mrs. Morse interested in a school he was building. The

minister's cottage was only about ten minutes' walk from the Morse mansion.

"It used to be said that people cursed Morse every time they passed his place.

"One summer moonlight night, a little after twelve, the minister heard a pounding and shrieking at his door. He jumped from bed and stuck his head out the window. He saw a woman in her nightgown and dressing robe, wringing her hands and weeping hysterically. Her hair, dishevelled wildly, hid her face like a mask.

"What's the matter?" the minister asked, half awake.

"Oh, Mr. Radburn, come quickly! Burglars in our house! And they have beaten Mr. Morse!"

"She went on with a string of cries and broken words, which the minister did not wait for. He huddled on his clothes as fast as he could, got his pistol and ran downstairs to the terrified woman.

"Together they hurried frantically along the road, Mrs. Morse screaming all the way. The minister contrived to make out from her that there was more than one burglar, but she was too excited to say whether there were two or three. By this time two trainmen that boarded in a house opposite the minister's, and had been aroused by her shrieks, were following after. They caught up with Mrs. Morse and the minister at the driveway entrance of the house. Just as they got into the main hall, which was dimly lighted, Mrs. Morse dropped into a dead swoon, with a final shriek:

"On the stairs! On the stairs!"

"The minister turned up the light, and there, on the three lower steps, all contorted, the men saw old Morse in his night shirt, with his head mashed in. He was still warm, but dead. From the floor the minister picked up an old gun that used to hang over the fireplace in the dining-room. It was covered with blood.

"Up in old Morse's room there were signs of a fearful struggle. Bedclothes were scattered all over, the mattress ripped open and bureau drawers rifled. In Mrs. Morse's room the scene was much the same. Some rings and pins were picked up from the carpet, but it looked as though the burglars had got away with the most of their booty.

"The whole town was alarmed at once, and search begun for the murderers. The only clew that promised results was a man's track that led to a lake on Morse's grounds. This lake was said to have no bottom, and the far side of it was bounded by a swamp.

How the murderers got past the swamp was inconceivable. Two or three tramps, strange in the neighborhood, were arrested and held on suspicion, but nothing could be proved against them. They were set free, and in a little while it became the belief of Newtown folks that the burglars must have been drowned in the bottomless lake.

"The day after the murder old Morse's son came home from boarding-school. He had written some days before, saying he would come. His eyes were very feeble, and an operation had been advised. When he reached the house he learned the dreadful news and found the doctor beside Mrs. Morse, who was delirious with brain fever.

... The poor woman was hardly more than convalescent a year later when she sold the house and went to live with her stepson, so it was said, in the south of France. That was the last Newtown heard of the Morses."

"And didn't they ever find who committed the murder?" asked Worthington.

"Wait," said Hawes, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "It's hot for May, isn't it? Let's have another drink. . . . I'm going to take off my coat if you fellows don't mind. . . .

"To continue: When I went up to Syracuse the other day I found that the Chief of Police was Tom Kennedy, a fellow I used to go to school with. We didn't pull very well together in those days. In fact, Tom gave me an awful licking in a fight once. But we were glad to see each other for old times' sake. So many of our friends were dead, or gone far away, which is the same thing. And a man begins to feel lonely at my age if he isn't married and has lived twenty years in a boarding-house.

"Well, Tom and I became very friendly. He's a bachelor, too. And he told me some good stories out of his experiences. He told me this story, because, just recently, he received a visit from a man that confessed he had murdered old Morse, and wanted Tom to arrest him and bring him to trial. The man wouldn't say where he came from, but said he had been living a respectable life since the crime and under an assumed name. Tom thought the man must be crazy, and had the insanity experts examine him. They found the man all right except that he was laboring under a long-continued nervous strain. Tom took the man down to the place where old Morse used to live and searched out Radburn, the minister. He was a sick and prematurely-old man now,

but he at once identified Tom's man as Morse's son by the first wife.

"The son's confession was that he knew his father was insanely jealous, and had been making Mrs. Morse's life one long martyrdom. He came home secretly this night because Mrs. Morse, in one of her letters, had begged him to come. He found his father in a mad fury with Mrs. Morse. The old maniac had dragged her by the hair from bed and seemed likely to kill her. The son rushed downstairs and grabbed the gun in the dining-room. He threatened to strike the old man if he did not desist from torturing his wife. The old man cursed the son and hinted something that went to the boy's brain like a red-hot needle. The son battered the old man's head with the gun barrel time and time again. The old man staggered out of the room, the son after him. The old man fell down the stairs, groaning horribly. In a few moments his groans ceased. Then Mrs. Morse and the son fixed up the evidences of burglary. The son stole away and came back the next day from college, as he was expected."

"What are they going to do with him?" asked Fanning.

"Well, it's a mixed-up affair, but no matter what happens he won't get away. He doesn't want to. He says he has lived in a smothered hell for twenty years, and he wants to be hanged."

"He wants to be hanged?" echoed Worthington.

"Yes. Damned queer notion, isn't it?"

They were all silent. The benumbed buzz of the hall electric bell was heard faintly in the room.

"Let us have one more drink," Hawes suggested.

"One more," assented Fanning, "and then all hands to bed. Worthie has the guest chamber to-night. It's the finest room in the house, and he ought to profit of the opportunity."

"We can all have late breakfast to-morrow," said Worthington. "It's Sunday."

"The strangest thing to me in that Morse story," said Hawes, lifting his glass, "is the motive that impelled the son to confess. He wasn't afraid of being caught. He didn't even have remorse, you might say. He had hated his father ever since he was old enough to understand. But he had killed a living creature. That's the sin above all in murder and suicide. We have the power of death, one attribute of God. We can't make live again. And we poison our souls in fooling

with a weapon of Omnipotence. There's only one way to square——"

A heavy set of knuckles knocked on the door.

"Come in," said Hawes, in calm monotone.

The door was pushed inwards cautiously, and a tall, thick-built man strode into the room.

All that Worthington noticed was a fat black mustache, a red bow tie and a big diamond stud under it.

The man stared at Worthington and Fanning.

"Who's this?" Fanning asked, excitedly.

"This is Chief Kennedy of Syracuse," Hawes replied, hoarsely, his face flaming scarlet. "Chief, my friends, Mr. Fanning, Mr. Worthington."

The Chief of Police grunted and bowed his round head joggily.

"Are you ready, Morse?" he asked, dryly.

"In a few moments, Tom. I must put some things together. . . . Good-night, Mr. Worthington. . . . Good-night, good-by, Fanning."

Hawes' voice sounded sepulchral out of his throat.

Fanning and Worthington mumbled incoherently and walked out of the room like men whose brainworks have stopped.

At eight the next morning Fanning was awakened by Worthington knocking at his door.

"Come in," said Fanning, drowsily.

Worthington stooped as he entered and picked up a letter from the doorsill.

"Open it," said Fanning, stupidly.

"It's from Hawes, Harry."

"It is? Let me read it. . . . No, no. You read it, will you?"

MY DEAR FANNING,

Forgive me all the lies and deceit. But I had to make my preparations cautiously. I wanted the thing to be done quietly, too. There's a good deal in the whole business I couldn't tell you. . . . You and Mr. Worthington—he's a nice fellow, isn't he?—divide up the things in my room. There's not much, but I'd like to feel you had them. The hickory cane I wish you'd take. What journeys it did with us! They were a great boon to me, Harry, like all the cheer and good you brought into my life. Excuse this scrawl. We'll barely make the train. Good-by!

HAWES.

"The first time he ever called me Harry," said Fanning, taking the sheet of paper. He crumpled it in his hand, and falling back on his pillow, groaned, "Good God, I feel rotten!"

"Somebody knocked," said Worthington.

"Who's there?" Fanning called.

"It's Johnson, Mr. Fanning."

"Come in, Johnson."

The negro stepped into the room on tip-toe, and shut the door softly behind him.

"Mr. Fanning," he said, solemnly, "I'm very sorry to say that Mrs. Ross is dead."

"Dead, Johnson?"

"At four o'clock this mornin', suh. Must 'a' been that 'ere ice cream."

"Ptomaines," Worthington suggested, helplessly.

"Must have been," said Fanning, as if talking to himself.

A THEATRE THOUGHT

By ALOYSIUS COLL

Are you the actors—you upon the stage,
Who tarry in your shapes a little while
To mimic life and death and youth and age,
Grief and the brittle beauty of a smile?

Are we not truer actors—we who sit,
Serfs of our peevish senses, sound and sight,
Wondering, in the dim and silent pit,
At you, the puppet-people in the light?

Yea, we are first, and you upon the stage,
You but rehearse the tragedies of strife,
The comedies of love and youth and age
We teach you in our daily rôles of life!



Savony photo.

Richard Mansfield.

The actor's favorite photograph.

TOPICS OF THE THEATRE

IF we may rely on the accuracy of editorial judgment, there is a public appetite for information on how and why successful novelists write their novels. The solemn air with which sophomore story-tellers reveal the compelling impulse that fathered their first book would upset the gravity of a coachman. But the public does not laugh; or, if it does, it laughs in its sleeve. Once in a long while appears an honest fabulist who says bluntly that he wrote his first book for daily bread, and those that followed for cake. Lately, our dramatists have been confiding to the country their methods of play-making. They have too much humor to ascribe to themselves motives of humanitarian devotion.

After having conceived or chosen his theme and situations, David Belasco's process is to imagine his study peopled with the characters, to stride up and down, here and there, whirling through their mental and physical gyrations. From time to time Mr. Belasco scribbles on paper the lines and action as he bodies the characters forth.

Thus he composes scene after scene, act after act, and in the end he sinks into his chair exhausted. Naturally. After this ordeal comes the selection of the cast. In this procedure Mr. Belasco's methods are endowed with the fascinating gossamer of clairvoyance. Mr. Belasco sits behind a screen. His agent, Mr. Roeder, interviews a long line of actors and actresses on the obverse side of the screen. Mr. Belasco overhears and makes notes. When all have said their say and gone, Mr. Belasco announces his selection of players from the observations he has jotted down.

But Mr. Belasco is more than a mere playwright or adapter of plays. He is a trainer of actresses. Mrs. Leslie Carter is the most illustrious example of his talent. Blanche Bates is another star that developed rapidly under his cultivation. His opinions, given in an interview to Alan Dale, on the endowment requisite in an emotional actress, merit quotation.

"Sometimes a mother comes to me with her daughter and says, 'My girl is pure. I



Sarony photo.

Virginia Harned.

Starring in "Alice of Old Vincennes."

do not wish her illusions to be dispelled.' And I answer, 'Go back with your girl, my dear madam. I must ask her questions. I must understand her emotions. I must know her views upon the drama of life, and what she thinks of this humanity. I must ask her what she would do if the man she loved lay dead at her feet. If you are afraid of such questions, take her home.'

"No girl can play *Juliet* unless she has been held in her lover's arms. It is quite safe to say that positively. I understand *Juliet*, as I understand all women. Ah! I understand women. I have come in contact with thousands of them. There is a strong strain of woman in my nature. I know that it is there, and I can understand woman in all her variations. There is nothing hidden from me. *Juliet* was a little, young girl—too young to reason, and without intellect. She was just a firebrand, moved by her impulses, and a girl to suggest this must have loved. Otherwise she cannot suggest it. Mere imagination in this case is useless. She must feel the part she plays, and she cannot do it if she has come straight from the convent. This is the human side of things. But that is all I am—human."

Skipping any search into the proposition

that a girl must have become a woman in order to play *Juliet*, "a little, young girl—too young to reason, and without intellect," one is enraptured by the statement that Mr. Belasco understands women. This is notable, and memory renews the impression of Dumas, *filz*, of all feminists that preceded him, and of several who follow, that the more one learns of women the less one knows. It has been left to the American male to find them out utterly.

Augustus Thomas, whose state plays are the bulwark of his reputation, never constructs a plot until he has lived among the people of the state of his selection. He chooses states that are geographically dissimilar, and whose people, consequently, are of a very different character. Mr. Thomas argues that when the states and the people have so distinct an individuality they must afford material for new dramatic situations. The various states certainly possess varying shades of local color; but



Rose & Sands photo.

Cecelia Loftus.

Who will play leading roles with Sir Henry Irving.

human nature everywhere is actuated by the same motives, and men and women are just as prone to risk themselves against the drama's favorite commandment in Arizona and Colorado as in New York. In his latest plays Mr. Thomas depends too much on the purely melodramatic. "Colorado" is particularly disappointing on this account, and even the author's skilful admixture of local color serves but to tantalize one with the uncertainty of compromise. Yet "Colorado" contains many of the qualities that are counted on as sure winners of popularity. What is to be considered is whether as a play and picture of manners it has brought to Mr. Thomas the personal satisfaction that "Alabama" must have inspired. One thing is unquestionable, the newer piece cannot act on his reputation as a dramatist save as a reminder that he has not yet equalled his first success.

Clyde Fitch believes that the dramatist's function is to study life as he finds it, "the



Savoy photo.

Grace George.

Starring in "Under Southern Skies."



Kyron photo.

Wilton Lackaye and Maud Hoffman.

In "Colorado," the new play by Augustus Thomas.

realities of the world and not the varnish." Immediately one sees that critics have been doing an injustice to Mr. Fitch. He has been dealing in realities, and not in varnish. He says so himself, and many have said just the opposite. It is not that critics have misjudged Mr. Fitch so much as that they have misunderstood him. In his plays of smart life he has written about people whose realities are veneer for people to whom veneer is reality. That fungus growth of human society known as the smart set cannot boast either the solid virtue of the middle class or the highly-organized vice of the aristocrat. And the worst of it is there are so many of them.

But however frequently one may be impelled to argue against Mr. Fitch's plays as pictures of real life, with equal insistence is revealed his extraordinary fertility in devising scenes and situations. No dramatist that we have draws on so fecund an imagination. This richness of inven-

tion has free scope now, because the man's name on a play-bill being a guarantee of success, managers do not hedge him in with the conventions of their own timorous minds, and because Mr. Fitch enjoys full supervision over the production of his plays. "The Girl and the Judge," which he wrote as a starring medium for Annie Russell, is a triumphant example of his audacity in scene setting. Moreover, this drama is not built up around



Sarony photo.

J. H. Bradbury.

Who made the hit in "Eben Holden," as TIF TAYLOR, the hare-lipped man.

ing. The servant goes away. The messenger profits of his opportunity to take in the premises at all points, and to steal the revolver left for the wife's defense. Toward the end of the day the wife and daughter begin to be nervous. They fancy they hear footsteps in the garden. In order to sustain confidence they call up the husband on the telephone. This is the curtain of the first act. In the next act we see the husband, played by



Sarony photo.

Charles Dalton.

In "The Helmet of Navarre."

smart people, which gives a sunny indication that Mr. Fitch is not confined to one field.

For originality of treatment, the most noteworthy play recorded this season has been produced at Antoine's Theatre in Paris, under the title, "Telephone." A man is suddenly called to town from his country home, which is in a lonely district. In the first act is shown his departure. He says good-by to his wife, his daughter of twenty years, and to the youngest child, a baby. He confides his family to the charge of a trusty old servant. In a bureau drawer he points out a revolver to his wife—this, in case anything should happen. He promises to telephone to his wife as soon as he arrives in town. He goes away. Soon a messenger comes, summoning the trusty old servant to the bedside of his mother, who is dy-



Sarony photo.

John Jennings.

DR. Mc LURE, in "The Bonnie Brier Bush."



Earle Ryder.
In "Eben Holden."



Sarony photo.
Lucile Flaven.
In "Eben Holden."



The Second Act of "Quality Street."
The new play that J. M. Barrie wrote for Maude Adams.

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Antoine, at the telephone in answer to his wife's call. She tells him of the footsteps in the garden. He thinks that owing to her nervous state these footsteps are merely imaginary. But he tells her she has the revolver in case anything should happen. She tells him that the revolver is gone. Then, at the telephone, the husband himself hears the footsteps, he hears the assassins approach his wife and children, he hears their shrieks and groans in dying. Finally he tears away from the telephone, shrieking mad.

When "Eben Holden" was produced in New York, the actor that made the hit of the dramatization was J. H. Bradbury, a man of whom hardly anybody had ever heard. The part he played was *Tip Taylor*, the hare-lipped man, whose life ambition is to sing in the choir. Lest any aspiring actors should think that Mr. Bradbury is one of last year's graduates of a dramatic school, it is worth while listening to what he has to say on the period preceding his great success. "My theatrical career has covered twenty years." That's why he is plain J. H. Bradbury. If he were of three years' growth,

he would be something like J. Harrison Bradbury. Or, he might have taken a prettier name than Bradbury. "My early training was at the Boston Museum where I had opportunities of studying the methods of such great actors as William Warren, George W. Wilson, Dion Boucicault and John Gilbert. I played eighteen weeks in the Boston Museum Stock when it supported Mr.

Edwin Booth, such parts as the *Second Gravedigger* in 'Hamlet,' the *Drunken*



Marceau photo.

Flora Hengler.

In "Sleeping Beauty and the Beast."



James A. Young.

As MARCUS VINICIUS, in
"Quo Vadis."



Windeath photo.

Katharine Gray.

As RUTH WELDON, in "Petticoats
and Bayonets."



Burr McIntosh photo.

Ethel Browning.

In "All's Fair in Love."

Porter in 'Macbeth,' and so on. . . . Good fortune threw me in contact with Mr. E. Rose, who conceived the hare-lipped character, *Tip Taylor*."

Mr. Rose, it will be recalled, is the man that gets all the blame and a good share of the profits for such carpentry of drama as "Richard Carvel" and "Alice of Old Vincennes." Only the sight of Mr. Rose's odorous name as the adapter of a novel is a promise that the play will be abused, and meritoriously in most instances. It is agreeable therefore to note that Mr. Rose is responsible for the reintroduction to audiences of such a well-trained and enjoyable a character actor as J. H. Bradbury.



Mrs. Fiske in "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch." Emily Stevens on the right.



Marceau photo.

Edward S. Willard.

Starring in "The Cardinal," by Louis N. Parker.

Incidentally, one may ask what there is of humor or fun in the portrayal of physical deformity? To a person of ordinary sensibility talking with a hare-lipped man in real life is pathetic torture. A deaf man or woman is touchingly helpless among those to whom every word is clear as a bell; and among those who can distinguish the myriad fractional notes on a violin the man to whom a brass band is merely a sound-blurr stands like one forgotten of the gods. Yet a deaf man or woman is the most ridiculous of caricatures on the stage. Why do we laugh? And why don't they hold a blind man up to our humorous appreciation as well as a deaf man, or a man with a hare-lip?

Long ago William Dean Howells protested against the immorality of the pseudo-historical novel. Yet this novel becomes more and more popular as book seasons pass. It is read by the best people, by most of the people and largely by young people. School-girls and boys that would faint at the sight of a bloody handkerchief revel in pages of gore. Respectable maiden ladies, who feel it a duty to interfere whenever they see two boys at fisticuffs in the street, stay awake into the small hours engrossed in the latest romantic novel, a story of adventure, for which read rapine; of gallant deeds, for which read murder and assault; and of

young love, for which read lust. Every play made from a swashbuckler novel must have from three to a dozen sword fights and one supreme scene in which the bad man attempts to assault the good girl. Now, these sword-fights are so pernicious an incentive to headiness and combat among the strong and valorous youth of our land that they should be discouraged emphatically. We have football and boxing gloves to keep alive in our young men the spirit of manliness and the skill that is necessary to prove it. And certainly the clumsy, attempted-assault scenes in the swash-



Hall photo.

Ella Snyder.

PRINCESS BEAUTY, in "Sleeping Beauty and the Beast."

buckler drama are as immoral as anything in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." From the point of view of good taste they are unmentionable. But the worst sin of all these plays is their fat stupidity. All else may be condoned, but their stupidity is unpardonable. Actors are stupefied by playing in such plays, managers by reading them, critics by considering them, and the public by seeing them. The swashbuckler story and play is a disease, and it must go through its course. Ah, what a hereafter for the men that make them and get rich on them! Readers and audiences have it here. Theirs must be to come.

Adele Ritchie.

In "The Torcedor."



Ashley Miller.

In "All's Fair in Love."



Marceau photo.

Pearl Landers.

In "Sleeping Beauty and the Beast."



Taber photo.